Saturday Night

August 1, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

EARNEST men and women are going about their communities in all parts of Canada these days, urging their fellow citizens to go to the polls on August 10. They are not pleading for any particular party or candidate, but they believe, very sensibly, that the franchise is the muscle of freedom and needs exercise to keep it supple and strong. They are doing a praiseworthy job, but a difficult one: persuading people to do what is good for them.

It must be that we start building a mighty prejudice against what is good for us from the moment the first spoonful of baby food is thrust into our mouths with the maternal admonition, "Now eat this, because . . ." From then on, a judicious combination of persuasion and force seems necessary to make us do things which are good for our individual and collective bodies and minds.

The disinclination of free people to exert the authority which is at once the cause and the result of their freedom, has impelled some governments to pass laws, making it a legal as well as a moral duty to vote—an adult version of the enforced spoon-feeding of childhood. It is not likely that such a stern course

Moss Photo, N.Y.

MAGDA GABOR: A run for their money (Page 4)

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will be taken in Canada, however, because here we seem to operate on the theory that provincial and federal elections should be held at times convenient, not to the electorate, but to the politicians holding power. Obviously there would have to be some modification of this theory if voting were made compulsory here, for what politician would dare call an election in the middle of a vacation season if large numbers of voters had to make a choice between interrupting their holidays and paying a fine for not returning to mark a ballot?

If force is not to be used, there must be persuasion of one sort or another. The pill must be sugar-coated, the oil must taste like orange juice. At one time parades and picnics were used to generate enough enthusiasm to last until election day, but many people have had their fill of parades in recent years, and a picnic is not the thrill it was in the days before the long week-end. One candidate in Toronto tried the something-for-nothing technique employed so successfully by radio; he gave tickets for a musical comedy to people in his constituency who could answer certain questions about the election, but apparently this did not cause a great deal of excitement, possibly because any give-aways of less value than television sets, refrigerators and automobiles are pretty humdrum these days.

The members of Junior Chambers of Commerce and other organizations, who labor mightily before elections to get people to vote, prefer the direct approach. The strength of their argument is reason, supported by the whole structure of history. We wish them well, because actually, this is the only way to go about the job of getting people to do what is good for them. Prohibitions and threats are only as potent as the fear they inspire, and to build on fear is to build on weakness. Bribery will not do it; it makes a virtue of cupidity, and the bribe becomes more important than the good that is supposed to be its purpose. There remains the appeal to common sense. If that fails, we deserve the worst.

Close Support

AFTER MR. BERIA and some of his colleagues went the way of a remarkable amount of Communist flesh, several senior men in the Soviet Army hastened to inform Premier Malenkov that they were "all behind him." If we were in Malenkov's shoes, we would not be greatly heartened by such a statement; we would be constantly haunted — as the Premier probably is—by the thought that such gentle souls as Comrades Bulganin and Zhukov were lined up, very close behind our back.

Teacher and Singer

THE OTHER EVENING Gina Cigna gave her first concert since her arrival in Canada just before last Christmas. The weather was hot, but Torontonians packed the concert hall to applaud what one critic described as "superb musicianship." When we dropped in to pay our respects to Madame Cigna, we found her flanked by her husband Mario, who is an electrical engineer, and her interpreter, Rebecca Goss, who was born in North Carolina and had studied under Madame Cigna in Italy.

It was a three-cornered conversation; the singer has a good understanding of English, but when she speaks her thoughts outstrip her words, and she finds it easier to lapse into Italian — at which point Miss Goss takes over.

It was Dr. Edward Johnson who persuaded Madame Cigna to accept a teaching job at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, we learned. They had met first in Italy, when Dr. Johnson was studying there. Later, when he was General Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, she was one of the company's leading sopranos. When she came here, she left behind in Italy her son Pierre, who does publicity for an automobile firm, about a score of canaries, parrots and other pet birds, and several offers from various conservatories in her own country. She also had to arrange for the safe-keeping of a pair of Irish setters, which had been given to her by the Queen Mother (then Queen Elizabeth) after she sang at a Command Performance of *Aida* on Coronation Eve in 1937. That was not long after she had joined the Covent Garden Opera.

"Madame says she feels there is a splendid future for singers here," Miss Goss said. "Your Dr. Johnson has promised to make this one of the world's finest training grounds for young singers, and Madame Cigna is impressed by his success so far and by the standard of the young singers she has heard." Then in reply to another question: "Madame says she misses the opera houses. In Italy, you know, most cities and large towns have their own opera houses and Madame feels that if there were more here there would naturally be greater opportunities for pupils. She thinks perhaps people have 'too much dollar' here, and too little of the money goes where it could do much good. But she is an admirer of the country, and feels that things will get better for young singers after a while."

John Steele

GINA CIGNA: A three-cornered conversation.

A Game of Words

DR. J. E. SCHMIDT, of Baltimore, Maryland, has two advantages over most other people who amuse themselves by collecting things. His hobby does not cost him anything, and he manufactures the things he collects. He makes up words to suit personalities and events, using Greek and Latin as his main tools.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio has been having its troubles with the temperamental tenor, Mario Lanza. Dr. Schmidt hammered out a word to fit Lanza—fortunatocrapulent, or sick from too much success. Humphrey Bogart has a way of talking through his teeth; the Schmidt description is "dentiloquent." The urge of a criminal to return to the scene of his crime is "lococriminomania," combining *locus criminis* with mania. A girl who dislikes kissing is a "misomatologist."

If Dr. Schmidt were in Canada, he might describe the attitude of many Liberals towards Mr. St. Laurent as "patadoramania," a strong urge to father worship. Mr. Drew could be described as carrying on a campaign of "anaphcoacecamargument," or a great and repeated piling up of reasons for a change. And some ungenerous person, playing this game, will probably call editors "pertrudereters," men who shove in their oars.

Apology to the Victims

THE OTHER DAY a black-robed Buddhist priest addressed the flies of Tiro thus: "Dear flies, have no rancor against us for killing you, but accept in manly fashion the inevitable consequence of your being born in this world as flies." Thereupon the people of Tiro, which is a town in Japan, set out on a campaign to exterminate the flies in their community.

It made a fine little item to brighten the front pages of newspapers during the dog days; editors seized on it gratefully, and the sophisticated readers of the western world had a supercilious chuckle or two. We tried to laugh about it, too, but we couldn't, probably because of Tiro's location. It is near Hiroshima. Just eight years ago, an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima—the first time the weapon had been used. The only entry in the log of the airman who released the bomb was, "My God!" If the shock of the explosion had not been so great, he might have said, "Dear people of Hiroshima, have no rancor against us for killing you, but accept in manly fashion the inevitable consequence of your being born in this world as Japanese."

The Buddhist was naive, but not more so than the rest of us. His apology to the flies came from the depths of his religious belief; but were he a Christian, he would have had to say the same thing, to be honest with himself. Perhaps we would be less given to destruction if we were not so easily convinced that our savagery is really merciful and inspired only by the purest motives.

The Angry Journal

LOVE IS BLIND, they say, and this condition would explain the stuttering anger inspired in the Ottawa *Journal* by our recent comments on remarks about Communism attributed to Conservative leader George Drew by various newspapers. The *Journal's* affection for Mr. Drew is a touching thing indeed, but it seems to have blinded the sober old paper, at least in this instance.

"Soft smear," growls the *Journal*, "innuendoes," and launches into a long diatribe about what Mr. Drew had to say in Vancouver about the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union. Bully for Mr. Drew, but as it happened, we were not concerned with what he had to say about the MMSW; it had been said before — and applauded before. The disturbing note in the reports from Vancouver was the reference to Communists in the civil service, and we stated then, "We hope that the reports did not accurately reflect what Mr. Drew had

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to say." If the *Journal* can assure us that the Conservative leader made no vague charges of disloyalty against people in government service, at a time when a proper hearing of such charges could not be held, we shall be greatly relieved; possibly anger led the *Journal* to overlook this matter, which happened to be the point of our comment.

Then, in a final burst, the *Journal* says that McCarthyism is "an ugly word which we should keep out of our politics." We quite agree; but if McCarthyism creeps into our politics, the word will be used, because we can not eliminate ugly things merely by giving them pleasant titles. And it was because we detest McCarthyism that we were disturbed by the reports from Vancouver.

Defining an Eskimo

WE MUST THANK the Edmonton *Journal* for rescuing from the jungle of official verbiage an invaluable definition evolved by the Northwest Territories Council. An Eskimo, according to the definition, is:

"1, A male person who is a direct descendant in the male line of a male person who is or was of the race of aborigines referred to as Eskimo; 2, the legitimate child of a person as described in part 1; 3, the illegitimate child of a female person as described in part 2; 4, the wife or widow of a person as described in parts 1, 2 or 3, but does not include the Eskimo wife of a person other than an Eskimo unless she has been deserted by or divorced from that person or has become the widow of that person; except that any person who, upon coming into force of this ordinance was considered to be an Eskimo for the purposes of the game laws, NWT, shall, unless he elected not to be so considered, be deemed to continue to be an Eskimo."

Visitors to the North should have no difficulty now in distinguishing Eskimos from other inhabitants of the region, the Edmonton paper observes. But there may be greater significance to the Council's bit of sparkling prose. Having demonstrated such aptitude for definition, the Council should go on to describe other species to be found in or near the Arctic—cheechakos, sourdoughs and iceworms, for example. These definitions could be collected in one volume, which would undoubtedly be one of the most remarkable books of the year.

The Third Gabor

WHEN THE GABOR family arrived in the United States in 1946, newspaper photographers and gossip writers yelped with delight. Mama Gabor and her three daughters all were photogenic, and Zsa Zsa and Eva soon demonstrated their willingness to provide the cameras and columnists with subject matter. While the other two girls pursued various activities connected with the drama, the mother and youngest daughter Magda started a jewellery business in New York, earning less publicity but enough dollars to branch out into cosmetics a couple of years ago. Then this year, Magda decided to try the stage, too, and give her sisters a run for their money.

"Zsa Zsa has always been the beauty of the family and Eva the talented one," Magda told us when she arrived in Niagara Falls a few days ago. She is appearing this week in *The Play's the Thing* at the Niagara Falls Summer Theatre. "I stayed home and took care of things, because I like neatness and keeping everything in its place—hausfrau, they called me." We decided that this five-foot redhead with a built-in accent would make a very interesting bit of bric-a-brac around any house.

"Although I work hard and like my work, I was tempted to try this so interesting life of the stage. First I play in *The Women*, at Baltimore, and then comes the part in *The Play's the Thing*, and I jump at it. We have done a short tour of the Eastern States. It is so much of a fun. My friends tell me not to be nervous, but I am enjoying it too much to be frighten."

Nervousness is not a Gabor characteristic. "Not long ago I landed from a helicopter at Harvard to be the first to donate a pint of blood to a blood-bank campaign," Magda said. "I do not mind this. I like sports, tennis, riding, skating, skiing and fencing." In addition to these athletic accomplishments, she is fluent in German, French, Italian and Portuguese.

"I was acting First Secretary in 1944 at the Portuguese Embassy in Budapest, where I was born." She was 22 then.

Leading Scout

WHEN WE visited Frederick Foster, who had just been appointed Chief Executive Commissioner of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts' Association, he was preparing for a holiday. Assisted by his wife Gwendolyn, he was stowing a tent, blankets and other camping equipment in a car.

"Motels and tourist camps are fine places and very comfortable," he said. "But we are becoming a nation of armchair travellers, forgetting how much fun camping can be. The secret of successful camping is comfort. People who learn how to cook outdoors, how to pick a good spot for a tent and so on, have a most enjoyable time without fuss or bother."

Mr. Foster, who was born in London, educated in Scotland, and is now Secretary of the Bank of Nova Scotia, will begin his duties as head of Canada's Boy Scouts early next year. He succeeds Maj.-Gen. D. C. Spry, who goes to England to an executive job with the International Headquarters of the movement. Mr. Fisher's appointment caps a Scouting career that goes back to 1916, when he joined a troop in Scotland. One of his earliest difficulties was getting accustomed to the idea that Scouts of all ages were expected to wear short pants.

"There's an odd aspect to this short pants business," he told us. "In their late teens, most boys have a prejudice about it, but as they grow older they get sensible and learn to appreciate how much more comfortable shorts can be. I wear shorts whenever I can, on Scout duty or not. They are eminently practical, particularly when you're fond of gardening and fishing, as I am."

Henry Fox (Gilbert A. Milne)

FREDERICK FOSTER: The secret is comfort.

When he takes over from General Spry, he will be at the head of 150,000 Boy Scouts throughout Canada. "The movement grew rapidly after Lord Baden-Powell first started telling youngsters how to handle themselves outdoors," he said. "Now there are more than five million Scouts all over the world. The Association's aim is to train a boy mentally, physically and spiritually, and in the course of the training he picks up an amazing amount of useful knowledge. Take my two sons, for example. Both were King Scouts which meant they could do all sorts of things, from rendering First Aid to lighting a fire without matches in a storm and cooking a meal. John is 24 now, a teacher at Upper Canada College, and David, at 22, is in his fourth year at the Ontario Agricultural College. But what they have learnt from Scouting will be useful to them all their lives."

A Great Debater Dies

THE VOICE of Hilaire Belloc had not been heard in public debate for more than a decade before his death a couple of weeks ago, and doubtless he had become little more than a name to the majority of today's readers. But those who remember the fierce exuberance with which he attacked and defended, the scorching arguments with such people as H. G. Wells and the Fabians, will recall a time in English letters when ideas were exciting things which demanded vigorous, literate expression.

Belloc's thinking was colored throughout by his intense loyalty to Roman Catholicism (he was stormed at for his sharply expressed opinion that the Reformation had been one of England's tragic mistakes), but there was never any doubt about what he thought; to him, words were not the camouflage for uncertainties, but things of strength and power to be used with joy and skill. The life has gone out of much of his writing now, and many of his 153 books have already been forgotten, because he wrote on many matters that concerned only the people of his day. But there is a large volume of work to justify the hope he expressed in the epitaph he composed for himself (a verse which has been quoted many times, but which bears repetition if only as a subject for thought for those people who are more concerned with a writer's private life than with his public work):

> When I am dead, I hope it may be said
> His sins were scarlet, but his books were read.

The Latest Fad

THE LATEST feminine fad in London is the wearing of nose-rings. Women there are getting their nostrils pierced, in order that various gewgaws can be attached. We rather like the idea. Not only does it show that today's enlightened woman is still not too snobbish to learn a thing or two from her less civilized sister in the jungle, but it is much more sensible that the custom of dangling odd items from the ears. Nose-rings are used to good effect on hogs and other domestic animals, and there is always the chance that they could be utilitarian as well as decorative when attached to women—they might be something by which women could be led around, for instance.

Letters

Smart and Sophisticated

MY CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Robert Foster of Toronto for his comments on the question of current Canadian liquor laws . . . Though I must point out at once that he was quite mild in his observations.

For one reason or another, people will take an occasional drink, so that the sooner we realize this the better we shall be able to curb the ill effects of such a practice. As matters now stand, a great percentage of our people view drinking as an expression of personal authority, as an indication of power and accomplishment, so that to satisfy their own vanity they like more drinks than they should or drink at times when they should not. Especially does this apply to the youth of today in its search for expression of what it thinks is smart and sophisticated. It is the glamour of the forbidden. An on-the-spot comparison will prove quite interesting and revealing. In most of the European and Latin-American countries, alcoholic beverages are sold everywhere in the same manner as milk and food. However, in such countries one does not see . . . such . . . behaviour as we see in our own country. Surely I can not imagine that as Canadians we are inferior. I would rather feel that it is a result of the present liquor laws in Canada. Change them? Of course we must.

Ottawa COSTA KANELLAKOS

Cult of Noise

LISTER SINCLAIR does not make out a convincing case for serious consideration of the work of such a jazz musician (if that is the term) as Mezz Mezzrow. The curious antics and performances of such people as Mezzrow would never have become a cult but for the publicity given them by writers either fascinated by the obscene or poverty-stricken for ideas . . . I have not yet met a person of normal intelligence who could listen to this kind of noise for more than a few minutes at a time . . .

Montreal PHILIP BELLECHASSE

The Sour Joke

AS AN Information Officer for the South African Government, Mr. A. W. Steward is in a very good position to use statistics as confidently as he does in his letter. Statistics, however, do not show the untold misery of thousands of colored people subjected to all the varying kinds of discrimination "within the broad framework of apartheid."

The example, for instance, of there being only 350,000 taxpayers in the whole country is evidence in itself that there are many thousands more who would be glad of the ability to pay income tax in their own country, and thereby derive the benefits natural to a taxpayer.

The "progressive administration" of which Mr. Steward writes must be a rather sour joke to the South African native, and the question of the English enjoying equality with Afrikaans is hardly the important thing in face of the larger problem. Mr. Steward asks if we have examined the hazards of any alternative policy. I feel that they could not be any greater than the hazards of the present one, and that true progress will begin with the elimination of apartheid. The non-whites in Africa are not to be blamed if they feel that, to twist a well-known phrase, "never has so much been done by so many for so few."

(MRS.) MURIEL RESON

North Vancouver

Market Action

IN YOUR ISSUE of July 4, W. P. Snead wrote an interesting article on mutual funds and investment trusts generally. While much of this article provides useful information for the investor, there are several highly misleading statements. For instance, Mr. Snead says, "For the inexperienced person who cannot estimate market action and responds to every salesman's tip, investment trusts are worth investigating as a means of intelligent investing for the long pull." This statement implies that the experienced person can estimate market action. It may be true that he can estimate action under certain known economic or political conditions and sometimes he's right. How many of the so-called experts knew (a) when Stalin was going to die, (b) that Russia would launch the "peace offensive", (c) what a bearish effect these events would have on the stock market? Mr. Snead's remarks about market action and "intelligent investing for the long pull" suggest that he is confusing stock trading with investment.

Market action is of prime importance to the mere trader, it is not so important to the long term investor. The stock market is constantly fluctuating; what is important to the investor is not so much "what is the stock market going to do?, but, "what is the earning power of the companies or group of companies he is investing in?" Naturally, it is so much the better if he can get in when the market is very low, but the guessing abilities of the so-called experts are decidedly limited.

Montreal P. M. AUSTEN

Death and Sentimentality

THE CONSCIENCE of the community is so disturbed by capital punishment, that when there is the suspicion of an error—that an innocent man was done to death by the state—as there was in Britain recently, an elaborate whitewashing process gets under way . . . We try to cover our shame with platitudes about the debt to society . . .

Halifax CYRIL HANNAWAY

YOUR COMMENT on hangings in Ontario . . . sloppy sentimentality . . . protests against hangings have been artificially whipped up by sob sisters. There is no other way of handling murderers. If anything steps should be taken to make the means of execution more terrible, to make the death penalty more of a deterrent. There is the only weakness . . .

Winnipeg STEPHEN CHERNIK

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT permits of no second chance. Murder by society has not, and never will, be a deterrent to murder. The enlightened countries, and those states in the U.S. which have abolished the death penalty have witnessed no resultant increase in the murder rate. Despite stories to the contrary there was no increase in the rate in Britain during the trial period when capital punishment was abolished. It was public hysteria resulting from the slaying of Police Constable Edger by an Army deserter, Donald Thomas that put the clock back in that country.

Toronto RAYMOND VARELA

The Rosenberg Case

I DISAGREE completely with Mr. Woodside in his summation of the Rosenberg case. He writes in the spirit of an anti-communist crusader, but in his zeal he has ignored several most important facts.

Ruth Greenglass confessed to spying but was never brought to trial. For the same crime, her husband received only a jail sentence because of his co-operation with the prosecution . . . Mr. Woodside believes the "credibility" of the Greenglass story; Dr. Harold Urey, of the University of Chicago, in his letter to Judge Kaufman, "found the testimony of the Rosenbergs more believable than that of the Greenglasses."

The executive of the American Civil Liberties Union nearly split on the issue and prior to their final negative decision several members of the board publicly stated their opposition to the verdict. *The Vancouver Sun* of June 20 carried the results of an interview with local lawyers who did not approve of the methods used in the trial and "they took exception to the fact that the Rosenbergs were found guilty largely on the evidence of a spy accomplice" . . . I deplore the hasty execution of Willi Goettling as Mr. Woodside relates it, as I do the madness that permeates South Africa, and all the attendant ills from which the world is suffering. But for a country that has set itself as the standard for the west . . . to behave in this manner is just not good enough.

MRS. JEAN CARLSON

Lake Cowichan, BC

The Drag of War

IN SUPPORT of your recent comment about the CCF claims that free enterprise can only prosper in times of war . . . Dr. Sumner Slichter, one of the most reputable economists on this continent, pointed out in *The New York Times* a while ago that, in North America, 95 per cent of personal income, after taxes, is spent on consumer goods, while 5 per cent is put away. As taxes decrease (and this is what would happen if there were suddenly no threat of war) personal income increases, and naturally, so does the percentage spent and the percentage used for saving, investment or speculation. In other words, as taxes go down, real spending on consumer goods goes up.

It would be silly to claim that the market for consumer goods is near saturation. Few families in this country or the United States would not appreciate an opportunity to buy more clothes, or furniture or electrical appliances, and so forth. The market itself is unlimited, and our nations have the capacity to supply it. It will expand as incomes grow and taxes decrease—but there will not be, there can not be, any substantial reduction of taxation until peace is a much surer bet.

Ottawa JOHN T. HILDEBRAND

Central Banks

"CENTRAL BANKS" (SATURDAY NIGHT, June 20) . . . The power in the hands of the central bankers IS capable of lowering, if not necessarily raising, the standard of living. Among other things, the central banks were and are permitted to import and export gold, to issue currency, to extend or curtail credit, and to fix interest rates. In order to establish the Federal Reserve System in the United States, and to maintain control of the wealth of the United States through the Federal Reserve, the bankers and financiers precipitated a number of economic crises by one or several of these means. Eustace Clarence Mullins in his book *A Study of the Federal Reserve* (Kasper and Horton: New York, 1952) documents this statement . . .

It is certainly questionable whether banks should have such power. As it is, it depends a great deal upon the men who control them whether that power will be used in a responsible manner for the good of society, or in a destructive manner for the benefit of bankers and financiers. In the Bank of Canada and the men who run it we appear to have a useful organization run by responsible men. In the case of many other central banks the people of the world have not been so fortunate.

Bancroft, Ont. DOUGLAS G. JONES

Open Sewers

I WAS HAPPY to see one of your readers speak up about the way more and more of our lakes and streams are being turned into open sewers . . . In far too many cases, local authorities are afraid to act, provincial authorities are indifferent, and federal authorities claim it is not their responsibility. All the while, human and industrial waste is pouring into waters that were once fruitful and healthful . . . If the people would wake up, they could force all the authorities to act to stop this continuing crime.

Brantford, Ont. G. P. NEWMAN

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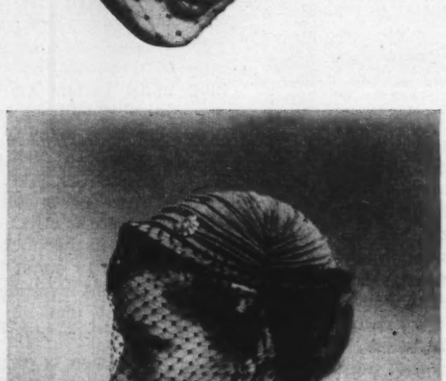

Through Ritual To Romance

By ROBERTSON DAVIES

IT IS ALREADY widely acknowledged that the people of Stratford, Ont., have done a remarkable thing in organizing a Shakespearean Festival, and launching it successfully on the best professional level, and all within the space of about fourteen months. This was a stupendous undertaking and it has been carried out with a combination of audacity and faith which commands our highest admiration. But having seen the plays at Stratford, and having thought about the Festival for a while, I am moved to say that I think that they have done very much more than this, and that their venture is one of historic importance not only in Canada but wherever the theatre is taken seriously —that is to say, in every civilized country in the world.

They have built a theatre for their Festival which is designed on a new principle—or rather on a principle so old that it comes freshly to modern audiences. Nothing like it has been built for commercial theatrical work within the past three hundred years; nothing exactly like it has ever been built before. It has often been described as a tent, but it is no more a tent than the Music Shed at Tanglewood is a shed. It is a large concrete amphitheatre which is roofed with canvas, and hung on the inside with maroon and blue drapery. Inside, it is like a large deep-dish pie from which all but one large slice has been removed; this slice, projecting into the centre of the amphitheatre, is the stage area. Upon this stage is an erection of columns, a large balcony, and two staircases; the stage may be reached from its own four doors, from the aisles of the theatre, from a trapdoor and from two entrances which rise from its cellars. All spectators can see and hear, and nobody is as far from the stage as he would be in the second balcony of a theatre of nineteenth century design.

This building, designed from plans evolved by Tyrone Guthrie and Tanya Moiseiwitsch, is a reminder to us that a theatre is not necessarily an auditorium with a raised room at one end into which the audience is permitted to peep, like eavesdroppers or Peeping Toms, but is, in the old sense "a place for viewing," and a place where things happen. It is a reminder also that a theatre is always, in part, a temple, devoted to the service of gods whom we too often forget; these gods are Pity, Terror, Tenderness and Mirth.

Having built such a theatre, the Stratford Festival has committed itself to the production of great plays, for lesser plays could not stand up to the demands it makes. It has committed itself to the production of Shakespeare in a new way. It is not, contrary to some opinions which have been expressed, the Elizabethan way, though it has a kinship with that method. Nor is it Greek, though it has Greek components. It is a new way.

This new way of producing Shakespeare has elements which can be traced to several different sources, and those who delight in looking for "influences" may do so. But these factors have been brought together and given coherence and a new emphasis by Dr. Tyrone Guthrie. The Stratford Festival cannot be fully understood without taking account of who and what he is, and what he has done in the past. At fifty-three he is the most influential man of the theatre alive; for at least twenty years he has been evolving a philosophy of the theatre and an approach to classical drama which is strongly individual without being in any way eccentric or faddy. In order to clarify the principal elements in his work it may be convenient to consider briefly three productions of his which throw those elements into sharp relief.

Photos by Peter Smith

ALEC GUINNESS as Richard III

The first of these was a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Old Vic in 1937. This was Shakespeare seen through Victorian eyes. To suit the character of the theatre, which was built in 1816, the play was conceived as a lavish Victorian production, in which fairies in ballet dress flew through the air, in which the mortals were dressed in the elaborate spangled costumes of the Victorian tinsel theatrical portraits, in which the scenery was painted in the high romantic style, and in which all of Mendelssohn's music was used to accompany the action. It was beautiful and delightful. This was Guthrie in his brilliantly inventive vein, using every element of the conventional theatre with consummate skill.

The second of these important productions was *Hamlet* in modern dress, at the Old Vic in 1938. Alec Guinness played Hamlet, but the striking feature of the production was that, for once, Hamlet did not monopolize the attention. It was a play of ensemble, in which elements which are usually subsumed in the extreme emphasis on Hamlet himself were given their full value. It was also modern dress as it had not been seen before; the clothing, though modern in a Ruritanian style, was far enough removed from gents' natty suitings and modistes' up-to-the-minute *demi-toilettes* to have romance and timeliness. This was Guthrie as an illuminator of the classics—as a man who sees freshly and whole what has been rubbed and smudged by time.

The third production was at the Edinburgh Festival, and it was of Sir David Lindsay's strange old blunderbuss of a play *The Three Estates*. Performed on a platform in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland, it was a boiling down of a play which originally took a whole day for its presentation. Music, pageantry, invention and every theatrical device was used to show what was great and lasting in a forgotten work. But most surprising of all was the style of fluid, constantly moving, richly expressive acting which had been drawn out of the players. This was Guthrie's new style of production, or rather the fulfilment of what he had been heading towards for several years. Since that production in 1948, Guthrie has been producing plays in several parts of the world, with the finest actors in the world and with some who were little more than amateurs. But his development of this style has continued and has shown itself successful with plays of tremendous significance, such as *Oedipus Rex* (with the Habima Players in Tel Aviv) and with delicate trifles such as Alan Ramsay's *The Gentle Shepherd*, done by candle-light in a pretty eighteenth century assembly room in Edinburgh.

In the performances of *Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well* in Stratford we have this style of production, I think, at its best in a theatre specifically designed to hold it. This, surely, is the theatre of the future.

As Tyrone Guthrie's work has received a great deal of uncritical adulation, it has also received a great deal of unintelligent blame. To look at it through eyes still dimmed by the nineteenth century (and if I may say so, I think that at least one of Mr. Brooks Atkinson's eyes was thus dimmed when he wrote of the Stratford productions in the *New York Times*) is

IRENE WORTH as Helena in All's Well That Ends Well

to miss the point. Guthrie is not one of those producers who despises star actors; he values them because their superior abilities have brought them to stardom; but he always looks at a play as a whole, and while a star actor usually dominates one of his productions, the star does not swallow the play. This is not because Guthrie lessens the brilliance of his stars; it is because he gives every part in the play a sufficient importance to balance it against the star performance. He does not mistake ensemble-playing for a pseudo-democratic levelling of talents; he is determined, rather, to reveal the last crumb of talent that exists in any cast, from star to super.

ARTISTICALLY, Guthrie is in a curious and difficult position. He is less an interpreter than he is a creator, and in the theater, as in music, this sometimes brings about odd and not always happy effects. When Dr. Johnson commented upon the appearance of the bear which eats up Antigonus in *The Winter's Tale* he called it "a naughty superfluity"; his greatest admirers will not deny the appearance of naughty superfluities in some of Guthrie's productions. One may regret them, but it is silly to harp on them. A man of genius is not to be accountable to professors and schoolmasters for all his errors of judgment, when these are outweighed immeasureably by stroke after stroke of magnificent insight and lightning-like illumination of great plays. Good taste is, after all, a thing that almost any dolt can learn; the effects of genius are not

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so easily mastered. Guthrie's offences are principally against bourgeois convention, but his own attitude towards his work and the plays which he produces is a truly aristocratic one, and he cares little for commonplace opinion. He is as much an innovator and liberator of the theatre as Harley Granville-Barker, but as he works through plays rather than through books his innovations and illuminations come with the full impact of theatrical force upon his audience.

His attitude toward his work is, without an atom of pretentiousness or fake profundity, a religious one, and he approaches it with a dedication and nobility of purpose so complete that it may escape a superficial observer. He serves a high cause and he serves it humbly. It is from this deeply important element in his character that the strongly ritualistic character of the productions at Stratford arises.

Ritual in the performance of a bloody melodrama like *Richard III*? In a wryly tender comedy like *All's Well*? Yes. Watch the performances; under the acting, sometimes naturalistic and sometimes flamboyant, there is a firm ritualistic pattern. For what is ritual but conventions of gesture, movement and dance performed within a prescribed area in order to evoke the essence of something much greater than themselves? When Lady Anne moves around the bier of Edward of Lancaster, pursued by Richard of Gloucester; when the watchful soldiers close in upon the condemned Hastings; when the ghosts of his victims cluster around the sleeping Richard; when Helena dances with her suitors at the French court; when the soldiers take cover to surprise Parolles; when Helena, triumphant in yellow, takes the centre of the stage as a victorious wife—what are these and a hundred other moments in these productions but ritual? And ritual, moreover, to which we respond with eager emotion. Ritual is man's way of evoking what is too great for realistic portrayal; ritual in these productions brings us a high sense of the wonder, the beauty, the horror, the tenderness, the merriment and the overwhelming complexity and glory of life—in fact, it brings to us what is truly romance. Not, it need scarcely be said, the ersatz romance of Hollywood, but the true, superlative romance which is inherent in the Shakespearean vision of life. And, in this wonderful theatre, we have ourselves helped to evoke this greatness, for we are made more than spectators; we are a part of it. Is it any wonder that, when the plays are over, we are shaken and yet uplifted? We have moved through ritual to romance.

What does this mean for Canada, and for our Canadian theatre? It means that this country now finds itself in the forefront of a development of the theatrical art which has its roots deep in what is best in the classic theatre, and which sweeps aside much of the accumulation of rubbish which has cluttered the theatre we inherited from the nineteenth century. This new movement is not all-embracing; it does not exclude or render out-of-date all other theatres. This is not, for instance, the theatre of Ibsen, Tchekov, Pirandello or Shaw. It might, in skilled hands, be the theatre of Congreve and his contemporaries, and of Sheridan and Goldsmith. But this is one of the great theatres of the future, and here in Canada we have a splendid temple built for it alone.

This cannot help but have its effect on work everywhere in the country. For one thing, many of our best Canadian actors are working at Stratford, and working as they have never worked before. We may be proud of them, for they are, in the main, very good actors. We may be especially proud of the way they speak, for in this country where slovenly and ugly speech is part of our national pose of mediocrity, we produce actors who speak a splendid, vigorous English, and in Miss Eleanor Stewart we have one actress whose speech is a model of unaffected beauty. Are these actors, who have tasted the wine of true theatre, ever again to be satisfied with the sour slops of under-rehearsed, under-dressed, under-mounted, underpaid, and frequently ill-considered and ill-financed theatrical projects? The answer is for them to give, but I cannot feel that it will be an affirmative one.

The Stratford Festival has done far more than provide us with two splendid productions of Shakespearean plays. It has given to those people in Canada most able to absorb such impressions a new vision of the theatre, and a new realization of what our Canadian actors can do when they are given a chance. It might also give a new inspiration to our playwrights, for stages on the Stratford pattern cry for modern plays conceived on more aspiring lines than our conventional stages can command. The Stratford Festival is an artistic bombshell, exploded just at the time when Canadian theatre is most ready for a break with the dead past and a leap into the future.

•

High Field

From the line fence the pasture falls away
To beach and inlet, fifty fathoms down.
You can stand here kneedeep in waving hay
And see the opposite shore. The toy-land town
And pillbox lighthouse, and a gnat-wing sail,
And windwashed land, with vessels in its lee:
The world beyond this weathered post-and-rail—
All height and distance and a flashing sea.

The road goes landward, down. The loaded rack
Jolts on its axle, sways and halts. A hand
Moves to the bridle. In their rutted track
The slow wheels rasp on granite and blown sand.
And a voice questions how it happened so—
Why anyone with level land to clear
Was daft enough, two hundred years ago,
To climb this hill and perch a hayfield here.

CHARLES BRUCE

The Social Scene

The Last Days of Walter Pavlukoff

THE TRIAL OF WALTER PAVLUKOFF in Vancouver last spring, for the murder of Sydney Petrie, a bank manager, on August 25, 1947, would have been a run-of-the-mill manoeuvre, if it had not been for the remarkable attitude of the accused.

As he appeared in the dock, he was a presentable young man, plump and well-fed, calm, well-dressed. He owed this appearance — a factor which might well have been expected to confuse witnesses who had only seen him briefly 5½ years before—to his brother Nick Pavlukoff, an honest, likable carpenter who haunted the court every one of the seven days of the trial, anxious to pick up crumbs of hope from reporters, court officials, anybody. Pavlukoff, in the dock, did not look like the bedraggled man in borrowed clothes and broken shoes who had eluded one of the greatest manhunts in the history of the West. The witnesses called to identify him, those frightened girls who had ducked beneath the counters of the bank when the intruder had presented a gun, remembered his eyes. "Deep set," they all said. And Pavlukoff kept his eyes steadfastly on a point above the judge's head, or out of the window, high up, gazing at the lowering sky.

One witness, however, seemed to justify the novelist's well-known custom of introducing a character with a peculiar quirk. The witnesses, it should be remembered, were being asked to identify a man they had glimpsed for one excited instant in 1947. Most of them were facing a large Luger pistol when the impression of this man's half-covered face was presented. But a Mrs. C. K. Smith, asked by Defence Counsel Thomas Hurley whether she was not frightened, replied, "No. I have been familiar with a Luger most of my married life. We always have one in the bedroom." (Mrs. Smith now lives in Edmonton, Alberta.)

The witness, impervious to cross-examination and indeed flattered by Hurley's tribute, "You are a clever witness," was the only one to demand a close-up view of the prisoner at eye-level. Pavlukoff, ordered by the Judge to leave the dock and stand on the floor of the Court, resolutely faced the witness with his eyes still above the Judge's head. "Look down at me!" said Mrs. Smith. "Not right down at the floor, straight at me." Pavlukoff obeyed. "That is the man," said Mrs. Smith.

Identification, always a thorny issue in the prosecution, was the more difficult as, under cross-examination, witnesses tempered their positive claims to recognition and agreed with Hurley that a "Slav profile" was a difficult thing to describe. But they all used the word. Hurley found an innocent visitor to the Court, a law student, and bade him stand up, blushing furiously, as the owner of a "Slav face." The Judge was suspicious. "What's your name?" he asked. "Is that the name you were christened?"

The Judge, however, was even more suspicious, it seemed, when a young lad, Conrad Gunn, stood up to say he had been an errand boy working for the grocery next door to the bank at the time of the murder. Errand boys are notoriously observant. They spend their time observing when they should be running errands. This errand boy naturally dropped his bike with the groceries and ran to take a long hard look at the man fleeing from the bank. It was his big day. He rode in a police car that night and looked at the rogues' gallery at the police station. He must have been a hero among errand boys.

But now Conrad Gunn was a good-looking, blonde, self-assured six-footer. He looked at Pavlukoff. "That is NOT the man," he said.

For a moment, the trial of Walter Pavlukoff seemed likely to follow the lines of a trial-drama as written by Sir Patrick Hastings, who liked to inject the human and emotional element into the back-stage scenes of a *cause célèbre*. Crown Counsel was at once on his feet with the bizarre question, "Is your mother working?"

"Yes," said Conrad Gunn.

"In the office of Mr. Harold Fisher, assistant counsel for the defence?"

"Yes, sir."

The Judge leaned forward. "Did your mother speak to you about this case?" he asked.

"Only to say Mr. Fisher was in the case," said the lad.

"Nothing more?"

"No."

"Remind me to ask some more questions of the last witness later," the Judge told the Prosecutor. But he never did.

MR. JUSTICE MANSON, a quick-witted and at times quick-tempered adjudicator in his seventieth year, was reared in the lush pastures of Vancouver legal circles. He is an eminent time-saver, though counsel in the throes of a peroration, in which they dislike being challenged on mere points of accuracy, often find it disconcerting to be checked by an incisive voice, "No, Mr.——, that is not correct. That is not in evidence."

His Lordship, criticising Crown Counsel as well as Defence, relied on his prodigious memory on minor points of the evidence, and was usually proved right. The jury knew that no man in court was more familiar with the exact phrases that had been used. But even the experienced Judge was astounded, and reacted strangely, when he was faced with a situation unparalleled in this reporter's experience.

The Judge had frequently interrupted Harold Fisher, the young assistant counsel for the defence. When Mr. Fisher had asked a witness whether it was not strange to suffer a lapse of memory, the Judge remarked, "When you are near that age, you will know it's not strange, Mr. Fisher." On several other occasions, Olympus had frowned, and the jurors had enjoyed a laugh at counsel's expense.

But after the fourth day, there was no more laughter in court. The Judge had been rebuked from the least likely direction—the prisoner's dock.

Pavlukoff stepped to the front and laid a hand on the rail. "Your Lordship, I wish to make a statement. I find your conduct reprehensible and disgusting."

"Whom are you addressing?" the Judge asked.

"You, my Lord. I am on trial for my life, and if you continue to make jokes at the expense of my counsel, you will have to chain me to the dock."

The Judge appeared to be taken aback. Thomas Hurley, who might well have feared that his client might make some damaging statement, seemed chilled by the danger of the moment, and sat without making a move to restrain the man in the dock. Even the Mountie standing behind the dock did not bestir himself to still the clamor. Then the Judge recovered himself, and in a few words allowed Pavlukoff's defence to see a sliver of light in the darkness, a faint hope that the accused man might at least gain a new trial.

"Fortunately for you, the matter is in the hands of the jury—in the hands of the jury and not in my hands."

"Fortunately for you . . . " Could this be an indication to the jurors that the Judge believed him guilty, even if *they* were uncertain? Thomas Hurley thought it was, and said so at the Appeal: "The Judge's remark meant, 'I think this man is guilty now, and if it was in my hands, I wouldn't waste any more time on it.' " Appeal Judge O'Halloran seemed to agree. "Coming from a man of great power, of great prestige and of many years' experience on the Bench, surely a jury must be affected by a judge's expression of opinion," he said. Judge Manson, asked to comment, said "Impertinent humbug."

The Judge's immediate reaction was to prohibit the Press from reporting the incident. When one reporter left the Court, the warning was repeated, and a Mounted Policeman at the door added his own interpretation of the veto: "The Judge means you won't report this to your superiors, either."

Here was clearly a case for joint inquiry by the three Vancouver papers as to the rights of the Press involved. If, as was possible, Pavlukoff had carried out his threat and broken out of the dock or been handcuffed, would that also have been a matter to be ignored by the Press? If the reporters in Court could not report the scene, under the heavy threat of contempt of Court, would it have been permissible for the papers to have interviewed members of the public in the galleries? The Judge was the sole and final arbiter of what should be suppressed in the public interest, and this would seem to embrace any remark which sought to impair the dignity of Justice itself. But in the event of a physical rather than a verbal affront, would the muzzle on the Press have been retained?

The city, of course, fluttered with the news that Pavlukoff had committed some outrage, and, as usual, rumour excelled the truth in sensationalism, in the absence of a printed report.

The only time Pavlukoff relaxed from his relentless examination of the Coat of Arms above the Judge's head, apart from this incident, was when his long series of letters to his mother was read. Those letters, written on cheap paper in a schoolboy hand, contained no clichés, and a few phrases that a novelist might envy. He had the gift of imagery, and there was nothing more eloquent than his picture of his father's sweat "staining his undershirt red from the dye in his sweater". He knew the value of repetition, and reiterated "I am your son. I am not a horse or any other animal. I am not a bird, nor am I a fish. I am your son."

The letters were studied by psychologists. They reported that its phrases fell into a well-known pattern.

Thomas Hurley, calling no witness for the Defence, referred only in passing to the letters. He had a point when he suggested that when Pavlukoff set a time-limit on his freedom, he referred to his past and his role of Number Two in the RCMP list of wanted men in Canada. But the defence address to the jury was a Hurley-burly of attacks on the witnesses who had identified the prisoner as the murderer, scorn at the lapses in the Prosecution case, and some fortissimo rhetoric such as, "In Canada we don't hang men who *resemble* murderers! We hang murderers!"

PAVLUKOFF smiled gently at his brother, the good Nick, who had fed and clothed and fought for him, as he left the dock under sentence of death. His crime had been remarkable. His feat in crossing Canada, and remaining in hiding for 5½ years, was an illustration of the public's lack of observation. What was most remarkable about the Pavlukoff case was the fact that he must be one of the few accused in history whose record of past crimes (he had spent 12 years in jails for armed robbery) was printed in the Press *before* his appearance on a charge of murder.

Shortly after 2 p.m. on July 9, the Court of Appeal handed down its judgment. The appeal was dismissed. Mr. Fisher left for the Prison Farm at Oakalla, where he gave Pavlukoff the news in the barrister's room on the first floor of the jail. "He took the news stoically," said Fisher. The Warden, Hugh Christie, said Pavlukoff walked with two guards back to his cell, joking with them. In a few moments he would be taken to the death cell, to wait under constant observation until midnight of July 28, when he would be hanged.

But Walter Pavlukoff, who believed the world owed him a living, and who escaped detection for 5½ years in Toronto while Public Enemy Number Two, was going to escape again. Guards saw him plunge a sharpened kitchen knife into his heart. The case was closed.

ROLAND WILD

Ottawa Letter

Prospects in Manitoba and Saskatchewan

THE POLITICAL curiosity of an intelligent young American impelled him, during a recent journey by car through our four western provinces, to explore the sentiments of a variety of people, ranging from prominent lawyers to operators of gas stations; he was greatly puzzled to find no one who expected a change of Government at Ottawa after August 10, or who was an avowed supporter of the Liberal party. Such a curious situation is a reflection of the bad odor into which both senior parties have fallen west of the Great Lakes.

In Manitoba, the ascendancy which the Liberal party has enjoyed for many years and which in 1949 gave it 12 of the province's 16 seats (now reduced to 14), has been due in a large measure to the influence exercised by the editorial page of the Winnipeg *Free Press*. This powerful organ has an almost ingrained habit, very valuable to the country in a period when parliamentary oppositions at Ottawa have been weak, of acting as a persistent and vigilant critic of the backslidings of Liberal Ministries. But when an election day draws nigh, its horror of Conservatism and all its works invariably makes it rejoin the Liberal colors, forgive Liberal Ministries their sins and become a persuasive advocate of a fresh mandate for them.

The *Free Press*, running true to form again this year, is not pursuing Mr. Drew with the same venom with which it used to assail the late Lord Bennett, but it limns him as a sinister reactionary, whose advent to power would bode evil for Manitoba. It has given a lead to the local Liberals in an effort to make the Dominion-provincial tax agreements the main issue of the contest.

They expatiate upon how Manitoba's pact with the Federal Government has enabled its people to enjoy benefits, which would otherwise have been beyond the resources of the provincial treasury, without heavy additional taxes. They draw a gloomy picture of the fresh burden, estimated at about $7 million per annum, which would be laid on their shoulders if Mr. Drew were allowed to destroy the taxation agreements. They accuse Mr. Drew of seeking to let his own wealthy province of Ontario and its neighbor, Quebec, retain all the financial advantages which they derive from containing the headquarters of so many rich corporations.

The seed of arguments and charges like these does not fall on stony ground in the western provinces.

Mr. Drew has denied vehemently that he will cancel the agreements on taxation, and says that he merely wants to restore to the provinces rights of taxation which have been improperly surrendered by foolish ministries, and to preserve the structure of Confederation. But he has not satisfied many westerners as to how he would make good the revenues from Ottawa which would be lost, if he had his way. Apparently he has not realized how many taxpayers do not want to resume making income tax returns to more than one collecting authority. So it is highly possible that his desire to win the goodwill of the voters of Quebec, may, without reaping any but meagre dividends there, cost him dearly in Manitoba and other western provinces.

Mr. Drew was on sounder ground in the West, when he criticized the grain marketing policies of the Government and its failure to preserve overseas markets, notably the British, for our farm products. But to many Manitobans, his lavish promises about expensive reforms do not jibe with his explicit pledges to make drastic cuts in taxation. The Liberals, on their part, claim that they are the only reliable architects of national prosperity, but their opponents suggest that if Manitoba had been getting its fair share of the supposed blessings of Liberal rule, the growth of its population in the last two decades would not have been so slow.

WHEN dissolution came, nine of Manitoba's 14 seats were in possession of the Liberals. The Conservatives held two, and the CCF three. Justice Minister Garson, who was a very popular Premier of Manitoba and is less of a partisan than most of his present colleagues, and W. G. Weir, the Liberal whip, are not regarded as in any danger. Provencher and St. Boniface, with their large French-Canadian vote, should remain faithful to René Jutras and Fernand Viau. But the other five Liberal seats are highly vulnerable, and it is forecast that following the retirement of their three sitting members, Lisgar and South Winnipeg will be lost to the Conservatives and Dauphin to the CCF.

By-elections in the summer of 1951 gave Mr. Drew two promising recruits from Manitoba in Gordon Churchill and W. G. Dinsdale, but, while the latter is expected to hold the Brandon seat, Mr. Churchill may not keep Winnipeg South Centre. Winnipeg's other two seats are held by a pair of able CCF members, Stanley Knowles and Alistair Stewart, and the strength of Socialist sentiment among the workers of Winnipeg makes it improbable that they will be disturbed. Manitoba's third CCF member, William Bryce, has had his division of Selkirk mutilated and revamped by the redistribution, but he is a cheery and popular farmer, whom everybody likes; he has never shed a broad Scottish accent and it is said to be a political asset in his riding. So impartial forecasters predict the return from Manitoba of six Liberals, four Conservatives, four members of the CCF, and not a single Social Creditor.

The last redistribution bill pared down Saskatchewan's quota of Federal members from 20 to 17, and the stagnation of its population indicated by this loss argues that, like Manitoba, it has only been a modest beneficiary of the national boom. However, two bountiful grain harvests, and the prospect of a third, have brought most of the farmers of Saskatchewan to a cheerful mood, which would tend to make them contented with the Government in power. But today they are disposed to give more credit for their prosperity to the bounties of nature than to the policies of the Liberal party, with which they find many faults.

In this province, the Liberals are committed to a difficult defensive battle under the leadership of the veteran Minister of Agriculture, James Gardiner. The Conservatives are not a serious factor in the province. The Social Creditors seem to have made no real headway in building an efficient organization. Therefore, the real fight in Saskatchewan is between the Liberals and the CCF.

Mr. Gardiner retains his political dexterity and misses no tricks, but he has no longer at his command the provincial machine which he created before his migration to Ottawa; the provincial administration is now in hostile hands and working hard against the Liberal party.

Both Mr. Coldwell and Premier Douglas are fully a match for Mr. Gardiner in debate, and they have ample ammunition for their attacks upon the Government. Two serious counts against it are the handling of the outbreak of foot and mouth disease in 1952, which cost our livestock interests a pretty penny, and the refusal of the St. Laurent Ministry to fulfil the pledges of Mr. Gardiner and other Ministers about Federal help for the ambitious project of irrigation in central Saskatchewan. But perhaps the most potent talking point of the CCF is the tumble in wheat prices.

Mr. Coldwell and his associates are busy pointing out that some bitter fruits are due to be picked from the trees of Liberal farm policy. As a consequence, the seat of Mr. Gardiner, the chief deviser of this policy, is highly precarious and the only really safe Liberal seat in the province is Rosthorn, where Walter Tucker, having failed signally as the provincial leader of Liberalism, seeks to resume his political career at Ottawa.

Saskatchewan used to send to Ottawa a group of members of higher than average ability, men like Charles Dunning, W. R. Motherwell, Levi Thomson and George McCraney, who always had the ear of Parliament and were influential in the councils of the Liberal party. But the province's Liberal contingent in the last House of Commons was an undistinguished lot of run-of-the-mill politicians, of whom the ill-starred Austin Dewar was a fair sample. So the average quality of the new House will not suffer if most of the sitting Liberal members from Saskatchewan are left at home.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Foreign Affairs

Beyond Churchill and Eden

IF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S physicians were to tell him tomorrow that he had to give up the prime ministership, it would go, almost without question, to Anthony Eden. It is that "almost" which represents a change in the situation, and which is drawing much attention these days to the other candidates for leadership who have made their mark in the Tory "second team," which has had to carry on while Churchill and Eden have been out of action this summer.

There are not many political certainties, but for a long time the nearest thing to one has been the position of Eden as the Conservative Crown Prince. Popular with his colleagues, respected by his opponents and well-known and liked by the voters, he is a "natural" for the succession.

The fact that Eden has not fulfilled the promise of true greatness will probably not hurt his chances with the British; at least he is better endowed than Baldwin, MacDonald and Chamberlain. The young Eden showed his courage in resigning in opposition to Chamberlain's policy of appeasing the dictators. But he disappointed many in keeping quiet, as a good party man, instead of stumping the country.

When Churchill brought him back to the Foreign Office, Eden played his part in forming the wartime Grand Alliance with the U.S. and Russia. But he did not foresee Soviet aims, even in Europe. As late as March 1944, when I had a long conversation with him in the Foreign Office, he refuted all the evidence I put forward of Soviet plans to take over Eastern and Central Europe, and insisted that he had remained convinced since his first visit to Moscow in 1935 that all the Soviets wanted was the Curzon Line in Poland, and Bessarabia.

Many others, of course, shared this misjudgment. A year later, at the San Francisco Conference, I thought Mr. Eden stood out as the biggest man there. It was admittedly not a gathering of first-rate figures; Smuts kept in the background, the U.S. was represented by the lightweight Stettinius, and Russia by the heavy-handed Molotov. Shortly after this, Mr. Eden went out of office; and whether due to Britain's reduced position or to poor health, he has made little mark since he returned to office in October 1951.

Nevertheless, as late as last April the British Gallup Poll showed Eden enjoying a 64 to 8 lead over his nearest competitor for the prime ministership, R. A. Butler. But Butler has been coming fast since then, and recently has been the most favored to succeed if both Churchill and Eden should be removed through illness. If he were to do so, he would be the most intellectual British leader since Balfour. A "double-first" honor graduate in modern languages and history, he was a Cambridge don for four years. During this period, however, he married the heiress to the Courtauld fortune, and she was intent on his success in politics. So at 26 young Butler entered the House of Commons; that was 24 years ago.

His early successes were almost enough to blight his career. For, starting in the India Office, he had to help pilot the Government of India Bill, which Churchill was furiously opposing up and down the land. Then, moving to the Foreign Office, Butler was made the spokesman in the Commons when Lord Halifax became Foreign Minister. Here he so ably defended the policy of appeasement of Mussolini, Franco and Hitler—which had brought the resignation of Eden and Viscount Cranborne, now Lord Salisbury—that Lloyd George dubbed him the "Artful Dodger."

However, this phase of Butler's political life was always judged as a technical achievement, since he was not making policy; and much water had run over the dam by the time Churchill named him to the coveted post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1951. Never was honor or opportunity better earned. In the days of Tory defeat after 1945, while Woolton undertook to reorganize the party, Butler set out to give it a new policy in step with the times. He put out the "Industrial Charter" and other like studies of a new Conservative economic and social policy. His own notable wartime achievement as Minister of Education in putting through the new Education Act stamped his reform views as genuine; the real question was whether the Tory Party would accept them.

His great achievement in two difficult budgets is in securing not only the general support of the party for his policy of as much free enterprise as is possible while preserving the social benefits of the welfare system, but the general recognition by the public that this *is* the new Tory policy.

Still, he is considered cool and aloof, and a *Manchester Guardian* writer comments that he has never been known to slap a colleague on the back. The suggestion that this will hurt his chances is surely astonishing. Whatever is coming over British politics? None of that nonsense in Salisbury's day, old boy!

That Salisbury was, of course, the grandfather of the present head of the famous Cecil family, which goes back to the counsellors of the first Elizabeth. The elder Salisbury was for thirteen years Prime Minister to Queen Victoria, the last British Prime Minister to sit in the House of Lords. It is most improbable that a Prime Minister could sit in the Lords in these days. But there is no serious question of that; where the present Lord Salisbury comes into consideration is as a possible Foreign Minister.

It is the highest tribute to the personality and abilities of Lord Salisbury, and to the record that he made in the House of Commons as Viscount Cranborne, that this possibility is even discussed in this day and age. Salisbury is a real figure in his own right, and would make a fine Foreign Secretary. Were the British to change their policy towards Communist China, how well-suited would be a Foreign Secretary who had opposed recognition of Peking in favor of maintaining an unbroken front with the United States!

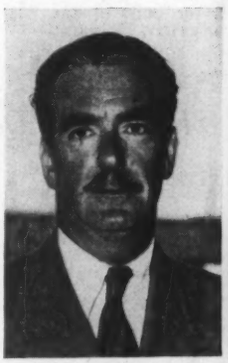
STILL, it is more likely that the Foreign Secretaryship will fall to a member of the Commons, and here Harold MacMillan is a leading possibility. An occasional visitor to Toronto (he is a member of the famous publishing firm), I have met him only briefly. But an *Observer* correspondent described him recently as "brilliant and forceful, gay where Mr. Butler is retiring, perhaps the most popular man in the cabinet." He has made a notable record in a field where it was generally thought the Tories would have to swallow their election promises, building the houses for which Britain had waited so long after the war.

Actually in charge of the Foreign Office at the moment, and therefore not to be left out of account, is Selwyn Lloyd, second to Eden as Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Now 48 years old, he rose from lieutenant to brigadier during the war, and entered politics only afterwards. But it seems unlikely that he has the party standing to achieve this coveted and very senior post; here his position is reminiscent of that of Hector McNeil, Bevin's able lieutenant, who was bumped by Herbert Morrison.

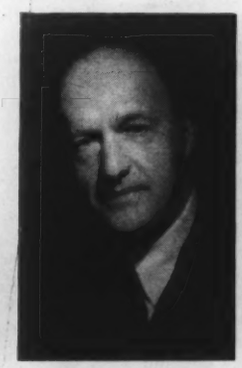
To conclude, we have the right-wing favorite, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, and the Tory "Bevan", Sir David Eccles. That most vigorous and assertive of British papers, *The Recorder*, has just come out for Fyfe for the party leadership and sees Butler as his only serious rival. The opposition of some Conservative business circles to Butler as a "socialist" is to be expected. Fyfe's abilities seem to be more of the Stanley Baldwin variety. He is considered to have handled the House well in the debate over flogging, and the public well in the Bentley case; and he made a fine record in dealing with the East Coast flood disaster.

ECCLES drew attention to himself in the last two election campaigns as a Tory reformer who called on the party to represent the "creators of wealth" and not the inheritors of wealth. He wants to see a "managerial revolution" in Britain, a policy of "tough and efficient expansion." Sir Winston Churchill had the Central Office print and distribute a speech in which Eccles expounded these views, and Eccles is thought to have missed a seat in the cabinet only because of a letter he wrote to *The Times* which was taken by Labor as a threat to cut the social services. He is a practical man — once he restored a bankrupt railway in Spain. He also stage-managed the Coronation, as Minister of Works. One of the ablest members of the Tory "second team", though the dread of the party's "dinosaur wing", he seems to be clearly marked for promotion.

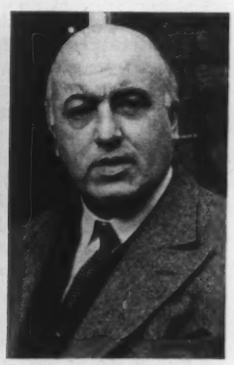
WILLSON WOODSIDE



Eden



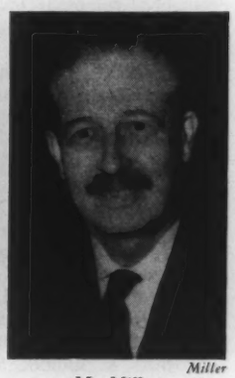
Butler



Fyfe

Eccles

Lloyd



MacMillan

Miller

Still the heir apparent, Eden now has rivals

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

Record of Achievement

Lord Hives on Another Successful Year

The 46th annual general meeting of Rolls-Royce Limited was held on July 14 at Derby, England. The Rt. Hon. Lord HIVES, C.H., M.B.E., LL.D., D.Sc. (the chairman) presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement.

Once again I am able to report another successful year's trading. The turnover in 1952 was a record for your company. The amount paid out in taxation was also a record and the profits reached the highest level recorded in our history. It is gratifying to report that all departments of our business contributed to the increased turnover.

You will see that we have spent further substantial sums on buildings and equipment. The ever-increasing complexity of plant and the necessity for your company to have resources to meet the demands which are made upon it cannot rule out the possibility of further permanent capital being required. Whilst no immediate action is contemplated, it is considered advisable to increase the authorized capital of the Company, and a special meeting will be held for this purpose.

Progress of the Various Divisions

AERO DIVISION: In the military field there is still a preponderance of Rolls-Royce engines in service with the R.A.F. The Avon has established itself as an outstanding engine for reliability and low cost of maintenance. Our engineers, designers and technicians are continuously working on improved and new designs in order that we can maintain the world-wide pre-eminent position we now enjoy. It is inevitable that competition will increase in the world markets and we must be prepared to meet it.

We have built up a considerable reputation and goodwill in Civil Aviation. It is your company's policy to establish our products as pre-eminent in civil aviation. It is the type of business where quality, reliability and efficiency are readily appreciated.

MOTOR CAR DIVISION: Our output of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars has been well maintained.

We have continued to study the needs of all export markets which are open to us and particularly the European and American Continents. The introduction of the Continental Bentley has been welcomed by many Bentley owners of long standing, both at home and abroad.

OIL ENGINE DIVISION: This division did well to get under way with its production programme. The bulk of the engines at present being produced are absorbed by Vickers-Armstrongs Limited for use in their VR.180 Tractor.

Our products — aero engines, motor cars and oil engines — are in use in most countries throughout the world. We take particular pride in ensuring that our customers receive all the technical help and service they need in maintaining these products.

After dealing with the progress of the associated companies, the statement continued:

The demand which your company is experiencing for its products both military and civil, at home and overseas, can only be attributed to the emphasis which has always been placed on the importance of design and development and the equal importance of moving forward in clearly defined steps, each step being based on sound knowledge and experience.

The report was adopted. At a subsequent extraordinary general meeting a resolution increasing the authorized capital to £6,000,000 by the creation of 2,000,000 new Ordinary £1 shares was approved.

Films

After Stereoscopy, What?

THE WHISPER OF DEATH has run through the motion picture industry many times in its half-century of history. But it is doubtful if the murmur has ever been quite so hollow and ominous as it is today.

To meet the emergency Hollywood can present the new Third Dimension and the three to four million dollar spectacle, both still inaccessible to television. In addition, it has its popcorn stands and its air-conditioning, each with its special allurements. The acutely distressing question is, how far can these advantages be stretched to maintain the Industry in the only style it is willing to accept?

Three-D is still a novelty; but the public interest in novelty for its own sake is as easily exhausted as it is aroused. It isn't likely to persist indefinitely if Hollywood's dimensional pictures continue to present nothing more than abysmal depths of hokum and banality. This, unfortunately, seems to be pretty much the history of Three-D to date. The stereoscopic experiment has offered us very little beyond certain crude ingenuities of technique. Images still tend to blur and dissolve through the polaroid glasses. No doubt these handicaps will be overcome eventually. By that time, however, the novelty will have disappeared, and the insatiable public will be demanding fresh diversions.

If Hollywood could produce spectacle films without limit, its problem might be solved. For instance, there appears to be an enormous demand for Biblical productions which very profitably combine quasi-religious feeling with Oriental pageantry. At least a dozen of these are now on schedule or in the making—*The Ten Commandments, The Robe, The Prodigal, Slaves of Babylon, Joseph and His Brethren, Pilate's Wife, The Story of Mary Magdalene, The Queen of Sheba* and three separate versions of the life of Jezebel.

The difficulty here is that Hollywood's resources are not inexhaustible. Neither are the fictional resources of the Old and New Testament, or even the special resources of Cecil B. de Mille. Besides, spectacle films, in addition to consuming millions of dollars, take months to assemble. Meanwhile, how are the producers to fill the screen?

One answer, which as far as I know Hollywood hasn't even entertained, is to surrender its mass public to television, contract its screen, its commitments and its budget, and simply turn out good pictures. At the moment, the industry is almost knocking itself out in an effort to recapture the audience lured away by television. It might be a wiser policy to prepare pictures of real content and imagination for the benefit of people whom television has finally driven out of their homes.

It Came From Outer Space, a new three-dimensional film, offers some advantages over its predecessors. It doesn't open with an officious prologue explaining the principle of stereoscoping and assuring the audience that the film will leave the eyes rested and relaxed. Apart from one rock bombardment, it stays within its frame and doesn't throw projectiles at the audience. It tells a story that is reasonably interesting, at any rate to movie-goers whose imagination can be beguiled by pseudo-scientific thrillers. (Mine can, easily.)

The Martians presented here are advanced beings who stay out of sight most of the time for fear of startling the earthbound — a wise precaution, since in their natural state they are translucent spheres with an eye floating serenely in the centre like the yolk of an egg. They land in the Arizona desert and, to protect themselves, borrow the body of any Arizona resident they happen to fancy. In this guise, they stalk about rather lugubriously, repairing their ship and making unflattering comments on the human race, which naturally wants to settle the matter with fire-arms. Richard Carlson, as an amateur astronomer who first makes their acquaintance, succeeds in rescuing both the Martians and their temporary hosts, and sends the visitors on their way. It is a sharply paced and entertaining film, at any rate for the reasonably credulous.

Dangerous When Wet stars Esther Williams, a nice girl who couldn't conceivably be dangerous, wet or dry. She is wet most of the time in her latest film, and consequently at her best. For those who prefer to let other people do their swimming for them, there is no pleasanter way to spend an hour on a hot afternoon than to sit in an air-cooled theatre watching Esther Williams floating about under water as contentedly as though she were equipped with gills. The cast also includes Charlotte Greenwood, who goes much too briefly into one of her famous dances. Miss Greenwood is still capable of raising the eccentric somewhere near the level of art. They should allow her to practise it oftener.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

• •

It'll Bring Down the House!

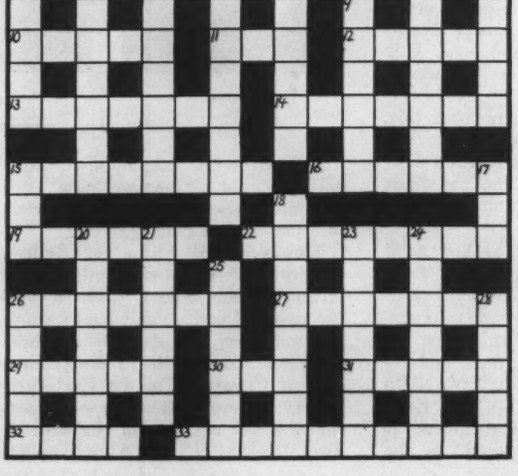
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Householder? (10)
6. Appearance in sound of a silent screen lover's famous role? (4)
10. This bird went to the U.S. after Timothy. (5)
11. So many could build here. (3)
12, 13. Indulged in by those who want to escape from a flat existence? (5, 7)
14. Manse at Rochester N.Y. that became a school of note. (7)
15. Was it man or mud that changed the battle to defeat for the Dervishes? (8)
16. My! Anon is still nameless! (6)
19. Building these seems to be child's play. (6)
22. Those who remain so, couldn't have had very keen followers. (8)
26. Gathering where Petrillo must feel at home. (7)
27. Sex attracted? Then take out dates! (7)
29. Do this to 11 and 30 to get the girl. (5)
30. Bond Street suggests the place to buy it. (3)
31. Employers in striped trousers. (5)
32. See 17.
33. According to his convictions, the only U.S. building Malan would feel at home in? (5, 5)

DOWN

1. The sound of tea has the chef confused. Get it? (5)
2. Nude nut (anag.) (7)
3. The record, sir, does turn over! (7)
4. Marge! Let up! (8)
5. It appears one needs a permit to get out the exit. (6)
7. The housemaid and this poet might have made a good pair. (7)
8. Spring to it, housewives! (5)
9. Many calls are made to get these few. (6)
15. For a ball, naturally one of the first two letters should be A- - -. (3)
17, 32. It would take an African to ad-mire these living-quarters. (3, 4)
18. Unstable rents tie one's up, financially, nowadays. (8)
20. His prescriptions are not for those who look well, as it were. (7)
21. Butter them for a good spread. (6)
23. To do this is a wrinkle photographers know, to remove them. (7)
24. The house that Jacques built? (7)
25. Chants a fragment of song. (6)
26, 12. Decidedly not a home for gentlefolk. (5-5)
28. By this a test is made, actually and anagrammatically. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 4. Thick as thieves
1, 11. Thickheaded
4. See 1 across
9. See 16 10. Cell
11. See 1 across
12. Laputan
13. House dog
16, 9. Broad in the beam
18. Abeam 19. Caffeine
21. Anemone
23. Anchor 27. Adlai
28. Peckaniff
29. Landmarks
30. Swept.

DOWN

1, 8. Thin-skinned
1, 18. Thin as a rail
2, 1 across, 26. In the thick of it
3. Knead 4. Amended
5. Time lag
6. Incapable 7. Valet
8. See 1 down
14. One
15. Symposium
17. Own
18. See 1 down
19. Creeper
20. Francis 22. Ellen
24. Costs 25. Olive
26. See 2

Music

The Good Manners of Gloriana

TO COMMISSION a Grand Opera for a great occasion of State must ordinarily be to court a public disappointment. The greater the occasion, the more elevated our expectations, the wider the gap between event and celebration, and the more dismal our disappointment. It is hardly surprising that an opera should be less sublime, majestic and satisfying than a Coronation which itself combines art, artifice, tradition and sentiment. It would be a remarkable opera and an unremarkable Coronation if things were otherwise.

The difficulty, great as it is, is increased because the work is a new opera. Music is an exceptionally traditional art; novelty is suspect, and experiment perilous. What we know, we love; the new must lay siege to our affections before it can possess them. The public taste, which is thirty years behind the times in the concert-hall, is seventy-five to a hundred years behind the times in the Opera House. Fortunately, English opera shows less of the dead hand of the nineteenth century operatic tradition of balderdash and fireworks. New opera in English may sometimes have a chance; but not when it is written to commemorate a Coronation. Nor, I fear, when the opera is Benjamin Britten's *Gloriana*.

Not long ago, we heard the radio première of this work on CBC Wednesday Night. We often shake our heads over our artistic isolation, but so long as radio lives up to its obligations, any Canadian who feels himself living in a state of unmitigated provincialism has only himself to blame. While we may not be swimming in the main stream, we can at least get a toe in, and find out if the water is really as inviting as it looks. Very often it is not. It was right and proper to make sure that we heard *Gloriana* in Canada. I am glad to have heard it; but I do not want to hear it again.

The production has been widely criticized, and widely praised. Not much has been said about the music, but most of the praise has been directed towards the costumes and setting, by John Piper. Such praise is itself a telling criticism. Similarly, most of the criticism has been directed towards William Plomer's libretto. I am not able to discuss its details, because I found the words almost invariably unintelligible. Grand Opera singers should take lessons in articulation from Ethel Merman; then perhaps enraged audiences would peremptorily demand that an opera libretto be something more than a literary impertinence. I hasten to divert this particular thunderbolt from Mr. Plomer.

On the contrary, as far as I could hear and judge, I think Mr. Plomer is to be congratulated for having produced so good a libretto, under what I presume were the original postulates. These I take to be that the opera should be about Queen Elizabeth I; and that it should be as historically accurate as possible, with respect to the principal characters.

If these are the postulates, we are in for it, if we try to produce a libretto which will satisfy our romantic expectations towards the Golden Age of England, as we now think of it. To begin with, Elizabeth's reign is in serious need of editing. It was long, and its various aspects rose to their climaxes at very different times. The political situation reaches its greatest excitement and interest in 1558, the year when Philip of Spain decided that he could not gain the throne of England (even as King-Consort) by marrying his deceased wife's sister, and that if he wanted England, he would have to come and get it. In the year 1558 came the dispatch and defeat of the Armada, and the political climax of Elizabeth's long reign, which was to go on for fifteen more years.

But its artistic and musical climax came much later. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Golden Age of Elizabethan music and literature fell in the reign of King James I. So we must choose a late date if these things are to be included in an opera; and unless our expectations are to be cruelly disappointed, they *ought* to be included.

Fortunately, the Essex Rebellion took place near the end of the reign; it is a tale full of interest and intrigue. But where is Gloriana? Where is the radiant Sun Queen? In reality we find ourselves confronted with a tatty old harridan lavishing some kind of curious affection on a young man, himself proud and disorderly to a degree. The Glorious Queen (as sung by the poets) cannot in sober truth be represented as other than vain, vacillating and avaricious. And her other more or less interesting vices may be left to the obscurity of history. It is enough to say that at the time of the Essex rebellion, and for years previously, her exasperated subjects were in the habit of comparing her (behind her back) to Richard II, whose life was rightly thought to be a disheartening mixture of pretentious words and capricious actions.

In short, I do not think that any libretto based on the historical Queen Elizabeth can do much else than choose the Essex rebellion as its dramatic core; and then show the aged Queen as a magnificent ruin, her natural gloom, indecision and despair occasionally lit up by fitful flashes of Tudor pride. Properly managed, this might give rise to a work as staggering and savage as *Boris Godunov*. But apart from the fact that Britten is no Moussorgsky, we must remember the occasion. To put on such a thing for a gala Coronation performance would shock us as if we had asked for a *bombe* at a banquet, and been given dynamite instead of ice-cream.

If the strictly historical approach is to be taken, it therefore seems to me that the wrong opera was written about the right incident. A determined attempt was made to cover up the nastiness of the Essex Rebellion, and the singularities of the Queen herself, with a thick coat of Good-Queen-Bessage. But the frightening story of the bleak old woman and the terrifying young man would not be extinguished so easily.

There was an alternative postulate, however, and that was to substitute romance for history; to take the *Kenilworth* approach. Elizabeth did not sail round the world, or compose the music of Dowland, or write the plays of Shakespeare; but it is as if she did all these things, if we glance over our shoulder across the plains of history. Then she becomes a Myth; an epic heroine embodying the virtues and qualities of her time.

PERHAPS it might have been a better opera if the Queen had been treated as a myth. Then she might have moved splendidly about, doing all the things we expect her to do. The bones of the plot might well have been some suitable story of love and adventure, involving invented characters. But the Queen would constantly intervene in these affairs; and always in the legendary way. Harry the Eighth's daughter would pace the stage punishing the wicked and the weak, rewarding the brave, the virtuous, and the artistic. To the traditional strains of *Long Live Fair Oriana!* the curtain would descend on a stage full of the fruits of justice, to the applause of a cheering multitude.

Indeed, *Gloriana* ended with a section of fantasy which was, I presume, an attempt to show Elizabeth as a myth. I think it failed, and for musical reasons rather than for the arrangement of the material.

It used spoken words, and pageantry and dumb show in the background (including what appeared to be the procession of monarchs direct from *Macbeth*). The spoken word came as a great shock after so much singing; and what is more, it came as the *wrong* shock. Instead of elevating us into the world of fantasy, it brought us with a thud down to the world of reality. Just as the ear resents accepting a voice as the accompaniment to an instrument, so its resents accepting speech as more liberating than singing. A good comparison is Honegger's immense masterpiece *Joan of Arc At the Stake*, an oratorio in which the immediate events of the execution are transacted in spoken dialogue, and the simultaneous events of the spirit and the imagination surge along in waves of music and singing. This is surely the better way to assign the parts; and it is surely a grave flaw in Britten's dramatic imagination that he should choose to bring about his finale by doing the exact opposite.

Perhaps he wished to rise to great heights by understatement; but there are times when understatement is a confession of weakness, not a boast of strength, and musically, it seems to me, *Gloriana* is a very weak opera.

A striking example is the street scene in the third act. Since nothing of dramatic importance happens in it, except for the proclamation of Essex as a traitor, it seems clear that it is there to provide an opportunity for the composer. A housewife calls; a ballad singer passes in the street; a rabble of boys (so described) goes by. But these things are doled out to us one at a time; when the next one starts, the previous one stops. There is no cumulative sense of rising excitement; no sweeping flood of activity for the crier to interrupt with his fatal news. The scene demands counter-point, one line of musical action being added to another, as the turmoil increases. Wagner would have given it to us; but Britten does not. I do not think this is a deficiency of technique; it is a deficiency of judgment.

All the same, the technique was very barren throughout. The orchestra rarely seemed other than feeble in color, feeble in melody, and feeble in dramatic effect. The mimic queen entered the stage in the first scene to a trumpet fanfare that was pitifully inadequate by contrast with the fanfare, still fresh in our ears, to which the real Queen had entered the theatre.

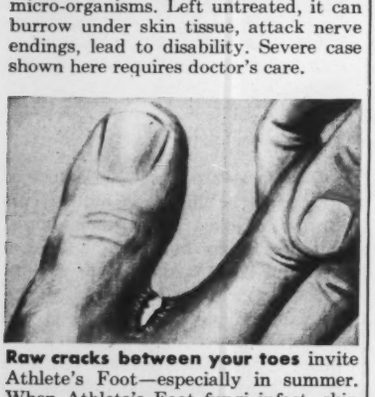
The most attractive music seemed to me to be in those parts where Britten imitated Elizabethan music; but its feeble quality was evident even there. It is difficult to see the artistic coherence in a work which consists of desultory and slack-jointed modernisms, occasionally studded with bland Elizabethan pastiches. The truth is, the music was always in excruciatingly good taste. It was not passionate, it was not hot, it was not, above all, vulgar. Like it or not, opera is a vulgar art, as the drama is a vulgar art. The greatest exponents of both arts do not seek to avoid this, but to make a virtue of it. *Gloriana* contains an insipid, genteel sword fight. Compare it with the terse, passionate, bloody encounter at the beginning of *Don Giovanni*, and you will see the difference between genius and gentility.

BRITTEN has written one very promising opera, *Peter Grimes*. But the promise has not been fulfilled. *The Rape of Lucrece*, *Albert Herring*, *Billy Budd*, and now *Gloriana* are cultivated, tasteful and genteel in those moments of interest which occasionally enliven a diffuse and muttered train of thought. Where the composer should be increasing his tension, he is slackening it; where he should be intensifying his emotion, he is weakening it; where he should be concentrating his experience, he is diluting it. On the showing of *Gloriana* I do not see much hope for Britten as a composer of opera unless he can give up good manners, and pastiche-mongering, and return to passion, vitality, and vulgarity. At the moment, his music is afraid of being theatrical, which may be all very well in general. But the one place where a man *must* be theatrical is in the theatre.

LISTER SINCLAIR

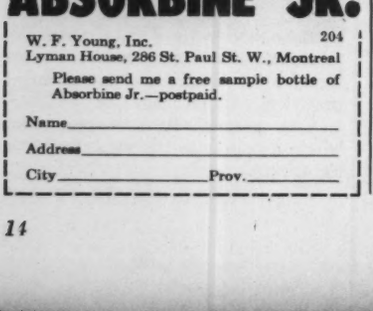
ATHLETE'S FOOT

What it is
How you get it
How to get relief



Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.

Raw cracks between your toes invite Athlete's Foot—especially in summer. When Athlete's Foot fungi infect, skin reddens, itches painfully, flakes off.



For relief of Athlete's Foot symptoms, use Absorbine Jr. daily. Cool, soothing Absorbine Jr. kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi it can reach. Promotes healing of skin. To prevent re-infection, boil socks; don't share towels.

Absorbine Jr., original relief for Athlete's Foot, has been proven successful in relieving Athlete's Foot misery in 3 out of 4 cases tested. Available at all drug counters. Buy a bottle today.

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Please send me a free sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.—postpaid.

Name_____

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Lighter Side

"Keep Your Eye on the Files"

IN THE OBITUARY notices of prominent public figures are always set up well in advance, in the so-called morgues of city newspapers. This is a standard precaution aimed at avoiding rush and confusion in case the eminent citizen should drop dead while the paper was going to press.

The obituaries, written in a feeling tone and in the past tense, describe the subject's early struggles and later achievements, list his family and connections, his affiliations, his benevolences and public activities. They are frequently sprinkled with human incidents which help to build up the memory of the late great man. The only thing lacking is the final date.

It must be said for our Canadian public figures that they rarely give their forehanded obituarians any trouble. Most of them fit with perfect felicity into the pattern of their final notices, so that when the end comes the transition is so smooth that hardly a line need be altered or a comma shifted.

On the whole, it is a fine thing to live in a country where the press obituarian is always on safe ground. If, for instance, Canada possessed such a figure as a Deputy Premier, any newspaper man could polish off his obituary after a couple of hours' research and then tuck it away in the files until the Grim Reaper turned up to corroborate it. It must be strangely different in the USSR where sudden death among well-known political figures has a notoriously high incidence and the Grim Reaper may even be uncomfortably close to the elbow of the newspaper man called on to report the incident. Under the circumstances, loyal adherence to the policy of the deceased may be very like following faithfully the line of a man who has just gone over Niagara in a barrel.

What, for instance, would be the state of mind of a Moscow editor back from a well-earned holiday at the Black Sea, on discovering that Deputy Premier Lavrenti Beria had just been arrested and the Kremlin was looking for suitable comments from his paper?

One can imagine this editor, after a hasty glance through the Beria file, beginning to dictate rapidly and wildly to his secretary. It would probably go something like this:

"Comrade Lavrenti P. Beria, Deputy Premier and Minister of the Interior was arrested—No, sorry, Popoff, better say, 'L. P. Beria, the ideological Judas and leader of a criminal organization of international gangsters, was arrested at his home on charges—

"On charges of *what,* Popoff? You mean to say there are no recent clippings on Beria? What's the matter with you, Popoff? Not interested in your ration card any more, is that it? Ah, here's something. 'Beria failed to turn up at the Bolshoi Theatre for a performance attended by Comrades Malenkov and Molotov. Okay, say arrested on charges of treacherous activity—no change that to treacherous activization against the cultural standards of our glorious Soviet Union. . . .Better add that Beria was also charged with non-activization directed against the collectivity principle aimed at the highest democratic centralism. Let them figure that out for themselves.

"Let's see, what else does it say here? 'Under the loyal and resolute leadership of Comrade Beria the workers of the western regions of the Ukraine have come to realize that their happiness depends upon their inviolable friendship with the great Russian people'. . . lucky, we can easily fix that up. Say, 'Under the leadership of Beria'—just a minute, correction—say, 'Under the so-called leadership of this freak deviationist and dehumanized violator of national culture, serious difficulties have been perfidiously created between two great peace-loving peoples.'

"LISTEN, POPOFF, you just listen to this: 'We wish you, our beloved comrade-in-arms, our dear Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria, many years of health and further fruitful work!' Maybe you can explain how *that* got left on the records, Popoff? My God, with all I have on my mind I'm supposed to clean out the files once a week, am I? Yes, and listen to this: 'Comrade Lavrenti Beria, the devoted supporter of our great lamented Leader Stalin and the trusted friend of our beloved Premier Georgi Malenkov'. . . . How would that read, supposing Comrade Deputy Minister Kruglov sent a bunch of the boys round to take a look at our files? First things first, Popoff. Remember, it's a lot pleasanter cleaning out the files once a week in a fine modern newspaper office than digging uranium all the year round in the Arctic.

"I guess that's all we need to say about Beria, except to put it on record that he is a degenerate renegade, a foul back-slapper, a despicable bandit, a new Tito and a rotten human splinter. However, maybe we'd better add something about Comrade Kruglov. Say, 'To our beloved Minister of the Interior, Sergei Kruglov, we extend our best wishes for continued health and long life'. . . No, second thought, better just make that best wishes. And say that under his trusted leadership we look forward to the continued development and prosperity of our glorious Soviet Union.

"Oh, and you'd better keep an eye on the Kruglov file, Popoff. It may need fundamental changes within a week."

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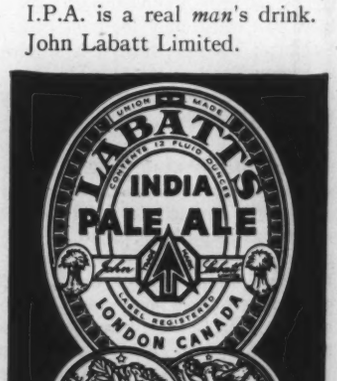

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Books

What, No Novelists?

DURING THE PAST fortnight I have been reading a number of novels, and today I want to discuss four of these which are of special interest, either because of the way in which the story is told, or because of the author's desire to pretend that he is not telling a story at all. I think that this is interesting, because fiction is somewhat in disfavor with the reading public at present, and it is often said that we lack good novelists. I do not believe that this is true; on the contrary we have a large number of very good novelists, though they are not giants like, for instance, Dickens and Thackeray. On the other hand, they have a technical command undreamed of by the great Victorians.

Perhaps this technical skill is not wholly a blessing. A great technician may be content with a second-rate plot because he knows that he can make it seem important. But readers are not easily fooled. They may be taken in by technique while they are reading the book, but afterward, when and if they remember it at all, it will not be the skill of the story-teller, but the thinness of the story which will come to mind.

The writers I want to discuss today all tell fairly good stories, and they tell them, in their various ways, with great skill. The first is Upton Sinclair who continues, at the age of 75, to write with his usual industry. He has written another book about Lanny Budd, the young American (young in spirit and intelligence, if not in years) who manages always to be at that spot in the world where international affairs are hottest. There have been ten novels about Lanny, and Mr. Sinclair announced that he had completed his series, but, like many an author before him, he seems to be the prisoner of his creation; he has brought Lanny back again in *The Return of Lanny Budd*, in which Lanny grapples with Nazi counterfeiters and the problems of the Cold War.

Frankly, I cannot like these books, though I have read several of them in the line of duty. But, as a critic, I am compelled to admire the sheer skill with which the author has compelled a great number of readers to accept his version of the history of the past fifteen years as the true one. He writes at merciless length, and his books are so crammed with verifiable circumstantial detail that we cannot tell where fact leaves off and fiction begins. There are now far more than 5,000 pages about Lanny Budd, which bring him into contact with every great figure in the politics of our time; even more surprising, there are people who have read every word on every one of those pages, and loved it. I have heard some of them praise Mr. Sinclair for his superb realism.

Is it realism? I suppose it is. He makes his books very real to those who have a taste for them. But what I call realism—moving description of human emotion—is not to be found here. Mr. Sinclair ranges wide, but he does not plunge deep, in the seas of human feeling. Is he an important and memorable writer? Yes. I think he is. He does not make fiction seem like fact, but he makes fact seem like fiction, by legitimate artistic means. He is an artist of considerable stature, and I think that an honest critic, however opposed he may be in temperament to what Mr. Sinclair seeks to do, must acknowledge that fact.

How many novels has P. G. Wodehouse written? Is there a Wodehouse bibliography? I do not know. An incomplete list of 48 is included in his latest book. For at his present age of seventy-two he is doing business at the same old stand, and I can sense no decline in his quality. When I was a boy I was given a copy of a boy's story which Wodehouse wrote in 1909, called *Mike*; I recall it vividly, as one does recall the first hundred books one reads, and it was Wodehouse in just the same form as in his latest *Ring For Jeeves*. As George Orwell has pointed out, Wodehouse does not develop; he has no perceptible ups and downs; he continues to write farcical novels with a brilliance of technique which no one has been able to imitate successfully. Only Evelyn Waugh — a writer of far greater brain and literary purpose — has been able to touch him in this field, and Waugh is not an imitator.

UPTON SINCLAIR

Don't despise the farcical novel. The minimum requirements for writing one are great inventive power, a fluent and feather-light style, a distinguished sense of words, and the self-control to avoid needless explanations. Wodehouse has all of these, and he is the unrivalled master of this sort of novel in our time. There are people who cannot read him. I can only take him in small doses. But he is unquestionably one of the most re-read novelists today. There are people—very intelligent people, some of them—who read little else. To achieve that stature a man must be far more than merely capable. Wodehouse is not a genius, if we use that word carefully, but he is a phenomenon of a high literary order.

Edgar Mittelholzer is rising to an important place among the novelists of our time because he possesses imaginative power in an unusual degree, and he has a fine and true sense of the macabre. That is a rare gift. In *Shadows Move Among Them* it was strong, and it raised that novel far above the mass of what was produced in 1951. This year he gives us *The Weather in Middenshot*, a novel which has been much abused, but which I like even better than the former one. It is a real work of imagination, for it gives us not only imagined characters and places, but a finely imagined atmosphere to enclose them; the weather in this book is as much a character as any of the people. This is a story about criminal lunacy and human frustration; in some places it almost breaks down, it is so clumsy, but at others it soars to fine imaginative heights. Unlike the other writers under consideration today, Mittelholzer's technique is of variable excellence, but he has a creative sweep which they lack. He is a novelist to be watched; at forty-four he is just hitting his stride.

Finally, I call your attention to a new novel, *The Present And The Past*, by Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett, who has passed during the last five years from being ridiculously unappreciated to being extravagantly overpraised. If Wodehouse writes farce novels, she writes high comedy novels — high comedy which usually descends with a rush into something very like tragedy as the books end. Mr. Sinclair writes interminably; she writes with the utmost economy. Plainly, but not obtrusively set in the last years of the reign of Queen Victoria, her stories are all domestic, and they are all carried forward in dialogue. And — extreme economy—this dialogue is all in one idiom and appears almost to be spoken with one voice.

And what a voice! Her dialogue has an elegance, an edge, a wit, a caustic brilliance equalled by no living writer and rivalled by few in the past. It has been likened to Congreve's, but this is not a good comparison; Congreve flashed, and Ivy Compton-Burnett burns like a refiner's fire. Adults, servants, children—all the people in her books speak like nobody who has ever lived, but as extremely intelligent people might speak if they possessed utter honesty, the compression of Tacitus, and an utter disregard of other people's opinions. I cannot convince myself that she is a great novelist, but she is unquestionably a great ironist. She is as narrow and deep as Sinclair is broad and shallow.

No interesting, important novelists today? These four certainly cannot be passed over with any such trifling judgment. One thing links them all; none possesses the wide, bland, vapid appeal of the best-seller. Best-sellers are like milk; anybody can get them down, and lack of palate is a help, rather than a hindrance, to appreciation. For each of these four writers, widely varied as they are, a palate of some sort is required.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE RETURN OF LANNY BUDD — by Upton Sinclair—pp. 555—*Macmillan*—$4.75.

RING FOR JEEVES—by P. G. Wodehouse—pp. 222—*Longmans, Green*—$2.00.

THE WEATHER IN MIDDENSHOT — by Edgar Mittelholzer—pp. 280—*Longmans, Green*—$3.50.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST—by Ivy Compton-Burnett—pp. 224—*Longmans, Green* — $2.50.

In Brief

A STRANGER HERE—by Robert Henriques—pp. 320—*Collins*—$3.00.

The central figure in this story set in the Cotswold country is a character of Balzacian proportions. Will Bowar, wealthy middle-aged farmer, whose spirit is deeply united to the land and the elements that serve it, is tried by the fire of a strange passion. His life-pattern disintegrates when the powerful simplicity of his nature is confronted at once by the complexities of our age and by the familiar forces of nature turned enemy.

This is a solid traditional novel in which a deeply interesting and significant story is told with freshness of style and characterization.

STORM AND STRESS: (Sturm und Drang) — by H. B. Garland—pp. 155, with illustrations, bibliographical note and index — *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

It is a difficult task to illuminate a literary period in readable style within the scope of a small book, but Dr. Garland does this with ease. He discusses the Sturm and Drang movement in Germany in relation to the contemporary literary and social background in Germany, France and England, demonstrating that it begins primarily as the story of the young Goethe, the natural genius, and his satellites, and ends with Schiller's coming of age.

This bit of literary history is engaging enough for the general reader, and informative enough for the student who has difficulty in seeing the forest for the trees.

WE NEVER DIED IN WINTER YET: And Other Stories — by Barbara Jump — pp. 199 — *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

In four excellent short stories the author subtly modulates chords of character briefly stressed. The oblique approach is in the Mansfield manner, but the tones are less exquisite, more robust. These stories are a world away from ordinary magazine fiction.

A READER'S GUIDE TO T. S. ELIOT: A Poem-by-Poem Analysis—by George Williamson —pp. 243, with bibliographical note and index of poems—*Longmans, Green*—$4.00.

As readers of his critical essays will recall, Mr. Eliot scorned Blake's ingenious philosophical furniture made of the odds and ends about the house. Blake, who created his own symbols, would have been equally rude about Eliot's period mahogany refashioned from "the rattle-traps of mythology". Neither, of course, could understand the other, and the no man's land of incomprehension between personal

and objective symbol has proposed an inexhaustible subject for modern poetics.

Mr. Williamson offers his guidance through this no man's land to those who would read Eliot—and consequently much of the poetry of our time—with understanding. Mr. Williamson's intention is not to state the meanings of the poems, but to indicate the terms in which the poems are developed, to describe the patterns made by Eliot's "logic of imagery". He deplores those who merely submit to the incantation of the poems with the help of footnotes, and claims that the poet can place limits on poetic ambiguity by the "significant structure" of his poem.

In its general outline this book is a valuable companion-piece to Eliot's poetry. It indicates the development of his thought and illuminates obscurities in his imagery. But the tone of Mr. Williamson's criticism is dogmatic. He deals severely with Cleanth Brooks for the heresy of paraphrase and with William Empson for discovering too many ambiguities in language; with both for their approach to poetry through implicit meanings.

Is it possible to discuss a poem without subscribing in some way to the heresy of paraphrase? Several of Mr. Williamson's analyses come perilously close to the model high-school lesson plan with its cunning questions calculated to elicit the desired answers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRE GIDE—by Roger Martin du Gard, translated by John Russell —pp. 134—*Macmillan*—$3.25.

Those who felt themselves alienated by the bewildering contradictions printed about Gide in his later years will find a most satisfying answer to their questions in this book. In form it is brief and spasmodic, but the impression it leaves is deep and whole. It spans the years 1913 to 1951, and gives the subtle perceptions of another great novelist, one who felt both the attachment of deep friendship and the detachment of basic differences of temperament and belief.

This little book is well worth reading for the light it sheds on the French character in general as well as for its illumination of the personality of one of the great writers of our time. Martin du Gard's self-revelations and his recollections of Madame Gide increase the value of the portrait.

THE FLORENTINE: A Novel about Benvenuto Cellini—by Carl J. Spinatelli—pp. 404—*McLeod*—*$4.95.*

The author's foreword claims a basis of careful research and warns the reader who cannot stomach a bawdy tale that this book may cause him "great mental anguish". There is no obvious reason for doubting the claim, but the warning may be safely disregarded. We are accustomed by now to descriptions of war-time atrocities and the love-scenes are merely ludicrous.

This novel fails as a work of imagination, which nullifies to a great extent the marvellous richness and intricacy of the subject on a factual level. It is a Hollywood production of Cellini, complete with pasteboard characters, mob scenes, narrow escapes, shapely females and platitudinous dialogue. Oh, yes! Costumes, too.

ONTARIO—By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell—pp. 214, with map, illustrations and index —*Ryerson*—*$4.00.*

The author's reactions to seven thousand miles of Ontario travel are those of an informed and understanding Canadian, which presupposes, among other qualifications, acquaintance with many sensations between the familiar extremes of a tremor in the Eastern scalp at first approach to the Rockies and a proper Western scorn for the fleshpots of the East.

Mrs. Campbell has struck a happy balance in her inclusion of descriptions of the Ontario landscape, local atmosphere and lore, historical data, and practical information for the traveller, to produce a book that is both entertaining and instructive for friends abroad, American tourists, and Canadians from coast to coast.

LOVE THE CONQUEROR WORM — by Irving Layton—pp. 49—*Contact Press*—*$1.50.*

These interesting poems will never be represented in a school anthology, for which the author will, no doubt, give praise. Here technical virtuosity is combined with vivid sensuous imagery. Mr. Layton's generally satirical tone lapses oddly at times into the near-sentimental, or approaches the attitude of a small boy determined to shock his parents. The Canadian Philistine gains a back-handed revenge when Mr. Layton allows him to invade his poetry in the role of villain.

CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA: Notes and Reminiscences—by Gustav Janouch, with an Introduction by Max Brod, Translated by Goronwy Rees—pp. 109—*Ryerson*—*$2.50.*

Franz Kafka said! What he said with so much outward patience and kindness here was the contribution of a wise, self-disciplined man to the advance towards maturity of a youthful hero-worshipper whom Kafka allowed to prod and pursue him during the last four years of his life. Kafka's words give insight into his personality weighed down by the bitter knowledge of his race, by his foresight of the black horrors it was soon to face again, and by the melancholy of his disease.

This moving record of a writer whose spiritual conflict was so intense opens up strange byways for the reader.

CANCEL ALL OUR VOWS—by John D. MacDonald — pp. 277 — *Reginald Saunders* — *$4.50.*

This novel is a solemn attempt to philosophize about the lives of an ordinary group of cocktail-sustained, mildly adulterous Americans who work ambitiously as young executives and play at the country club. The philosophizing comes in when the characters take turns contemplating their navels with stale reflections on the passing of their youth—a youth which does not appear to be in immediate danger, judging by the fervor of their adolescent narcissism. The weather is hot, which may explain it all.

The title-phrase, a quotation from a seventeenth-century poem, betrays the author's intention by pointing up both the poverty of his subject in emotional values, and the inapplicability of Drayton's poem to MacDonald's novel.

M. A. H.

RUSSIA, A SOCIAL HISTORY—by D. S. Mirsky —pp. 310 with index—*Ambassador Books*—*$8.50.*

A recognition of the scholarly authenticity of this demographic survey of the Russian plain is its continued appearance now. It was first published in 1931. The book ends with the fall of the Russian monarchy. As background material to the present Russian imperialism and ethos it is a thorough analysis, socially not historically.

T.J.A.

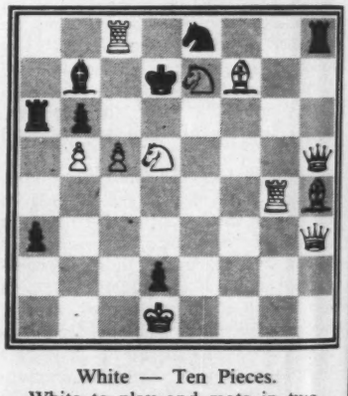
•

Chess Problem

IN EARLY ITALIAN manuscripts of chess problems, the Partita, most of the positions were copied from the Mansubat of the Arabians, revealing the source of their knowledge of the game. Naturally they had at first the same purpose, to acquaint players with the subtleties of the end game. The earliest surviving collections date from the thirteenth century, among which is the Alfonso MS., produced by command of Alfonso X, the Wise, of Castile, who reigned 1252-84. Date of its appearance is given as 1283.

Evidently all but fourteen of the 103 problems in the Alfonso MS. are of Arabian origin. These fourteen positions appear in the second half of the work, and no doubt are European. The idea to grade the positions according to the number of pieces used is abandoned after the first 69 problems. Other compilations have the positions classified according to the number of moves, such as the famous Bonus Socius and the Civis Bononiae collections. Bonus Socius was the pseudonym of a compiler who likely composed a few of the problems in his collection.

Problem No. 24, by K. A. Rasmussen
Richvale, Ontario.
Black — Nine Pieces.



White — Ten Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

Solution of Problem No. 23

1. P-Q3, P-B4; 2. P-Kt4, K any; 3. Q-Q7 or B7 mate accordingly. 1. P-Q3, K-B4; 2. Q-B7, KxP; QxP mate. 1. P-Q3, K-Q4; 2. P-B5, K-Q5; 3. Q-Q6 mate.

Here the first two variations present elegant chameleon echo mates, i.e., identical mates with the black King posted on squares of different color, a happy naming by Alain White. With just the white Queen, plus two black Pawns acting for self-blocks, we get a nice chameleon echo in the following by M. Ehrenstein:

White: K on QR2; Q on QB8. Black: K on QR5; Ps on QKt3 and QKt4. Mate in three.

1. Q-B6, K-R4; 2. K-Kt3, K-R3; 3. Q-R8 mate. 1. Q-B6, K-Kt5; 2. Q-B1, K-R4; 3. Q-R3 mate.

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Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is *31st August, 1953* (in London and South Africa).

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Lend Me Your Ears

IN A NATIONAL ELECTION campaign it's open season for orators. An academic orator is a scholar who rates rhetoric above reason; a political orator is a special pleader who believes that lung power is a substitute for logic.

William Jennings Bryan is generally accepted as the most vociferous spellbinder of recent times. There's an oversize statue of him before the Capitol of Nebraska to prove it.

Bryan was the Boy Orator of the Platte. Three times he ran for the White House and three times made the same mistake of running past it. He was the youngest man ever to be nominated by a major party (Democrat) for President. At age 36—constitutional minimum is 35—he bellowed, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a Cross of Gold" (he represented a silver State) and yipping delegates stampeded to name him standard bearer against the gold standard. As a matter of fact Mr. Bryan was an economic dunce who did not understand the metamorphoses of money — but then, who does? Yet he never did anything without pay. His Chautauqua career for the Prince of Peace brought no peace but earned Bryan a fortune.

He became Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of State, resigned when U.S. entry into World War I seemed imminent, lived to be the world's foremost consumer of hot dogs, and proved to the fundamentalists, if not to the jury, at the "Monkey Trial" in Dayton, Tenn., that Darwin was wrong.

His oratorical career demonstrated that the art of entrancing mobs is evanescent, in no wise related to the argument that convinces.

Two gaunt men journeyed to the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa. on a chill November day in 1863. One was the rail-splitter born in a Kentucky backwoods log-hut, Abraham Lincoln, President of the then war-writhing dis-United States; the other, Edward Everett Hale, the Great Voice of the North. Hale, scholar, gentleman and extrovert, had been selected by Congress as the orator for the dedication of this memorial to the fallen of the Blue and the Grey, the Union and the Confederacy. He bugled for an hour—to oblivion; Lincoln, only half heard by a shivering crowd, intoned for three minutes—to immortality.

The garrulous Greek, Demosthenes, has been imitated if not equalled by generations of breast-beaters. Aspiring orators of all political persuasions have yapped for practice with pebbles in their mouths, and all too often in performance have forgotten to remove the pebbles.

Since long before the Greeks smote their lyres or ancient Aztecs harangued in cuneiform consonants, the hortatory racket as a natural gift or an acquired technique has found eager and insatiable audiences. Free-for-all oratory in London's Hyde Park, crimson cacophonies in New York's Central Park and hordes of journeymen apostles, of both sexes, yapping at passive ears on public squares and street corners in every country tolerant of any opinion, attest the reciprocal passions of larynx and tympanum. I learned this the easy way in a virginal and vertiginous debut before a large audience—they were three big women—who soaked up incoherence with grim intensity despite the fact that both speaker and audience had turned up at the wrong place at the wrong time.

The 1952 Presidential campaign was the first in my long but not always faithful memory in which neither candidate was an orator. Both spoke fairly well, the loser more effectively as protagonist against a foregone conclusion. Messrs. Eisenhower and Stevenson demonstrated that television and radio are intimate and that windmill crescendos of scintillating blather are obsolete.

Dale Carnegie may or may not make friends, but he has influenced thousands of people to enrol for his spasmodic courses in public speaking. Carnegie classes pack hotel dining-rooms for fossilized chicken dinners and bray against stop watches in orgies of eloquence. Scores of other chain-foundries of forensics trap fees and exhibitionists in the aboundingly endemic urge to articulation; but any salesman knows that winning an argument too often ends in losing an order.

THE BEST public speakers I ever knew were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the bi-lingual Canadian statesman (who could also declaim in Latin) and Huey Long, Czar of Louisiana, who dictated laws as businessmen dictate letters, but more succinctly and profitably. Another need not be named, but his one American exploit is private history. He was a distinguished lawyer, who arrived in Manhattan to address a gilded gathering of American legal luminaries. He was accompanied by two secretaries, a valet and a thirst. Light shimmered from the starched shirt fronts of the audience awaiting the arrival of this imported celebrity. Turtle soup was duly guzzled, breast of guinea hen enclaved, preliminary speech-making endured, watches studied; but no honored guest. Committeemen prowled and frothed. Then suddenly he appeared, a figure of serene elegance, shining black hair and radiant smile.

He ascended to the lofty speaker's table — with help. The chairman hugged him as he reached slyly for the chairman's flask (it was during Prohibition), which a co-chairman deftly removed. Introduced fulsome-

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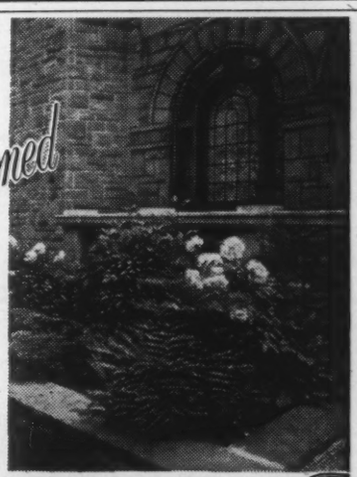

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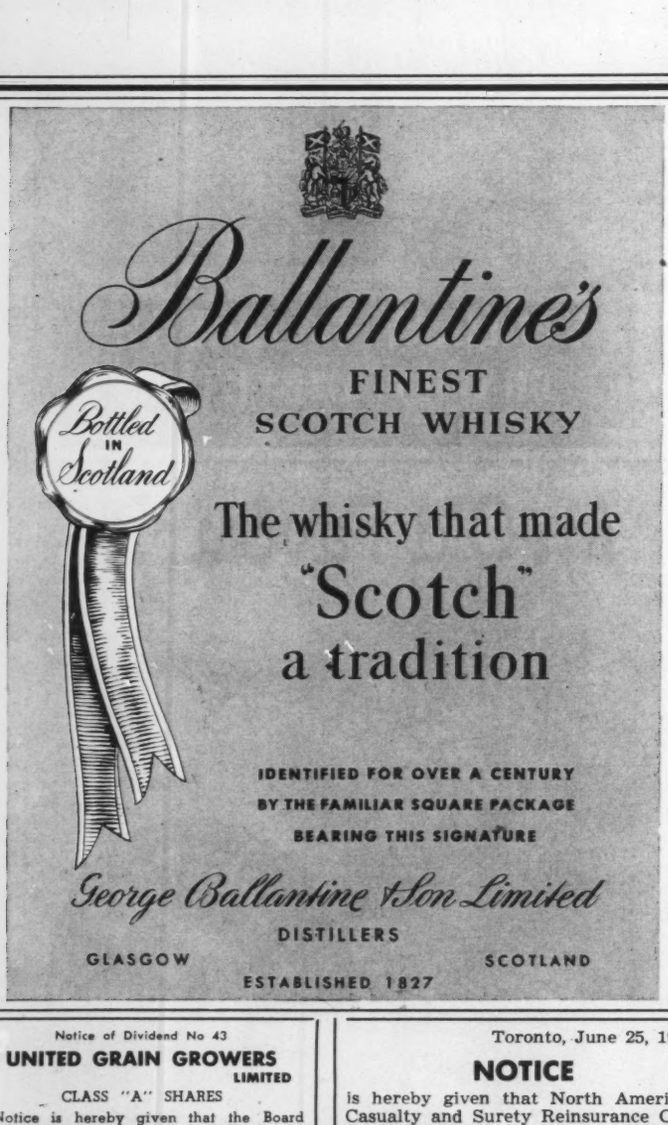


Notice of Dividend No 43

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS
LIMITED

CLASS "A" SHARES

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared a dividend at the rate of 5% on the paid-up par value of Class "A" (Preferred) Shares (par value $20.00 each).

This dividend will be paid on or about September 1st, 1953, to holders of such shares of record at the close of business on Saturday, July 25th, 1953.

By order of the Board,

D. G. MILLER,
Secretary.

July 15, 1953,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Toronto, June 25, 1953.

NOTICE

is hereby given that North American Casualty and Surety Reinsurance Corporation, has been granted by the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, Certificate of Registry No. C 1416 authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Accident insurance, Automobile insurance, Credit insurance, Guarantee insurance and Theft insurance, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

Robt. F. Clark
Chief Agent for Canada

ly, he arose and launched himself.

Next morning he awakened in a frigid hotel suite, and with hung-over calm telephoned a dignified apology to his hosts for having overslept and missed their shindig, blaming fatigue after a baleful sea-crossing. Slightly ruffled when informed that he had stirred the elite audience with a profound and entertaining discourse on Blackstone, he summoned valet and secretaries and repaired swiftly to the first boat, east-bound.

Mental pith and glibness are endowments, which may be laboriously, but never fully, acquired by other than born advocates.

Perhaps the simplest rule for public speaking obtains among the tribesmen of Ugandi. Hecklers are speared, and the speaker stands on one leg while declaiming. He's always brief and pertinent.

The first rule of public speech is axiomatic: have something to say, say it simply and sit down. And as it's always open season for after-dinner speakers, from which all carnivores and vegetarians suffer equally, co-sufferers who rehearse these ordeals before bath-room mirrors may find solace in the old bromide that the best after-dinner speech is made every day after some dinner by the guy who says: "I'll take the check!"

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

This Wicked World

A French judge found a cabaret manager, a head waiter and two Paris tour guides guilty of "sullying the honor of France" by conspiring to pass off inferior wine on tourists as champagne.

Richard Cantin left his lunch box on a bench in a Hartford, Conn., police court when he was asked to take the witness stand. When he returned, the lunch was gone.

Poultry show judges at Farnborough, England, were warned to watch for eggs polished with furniture oil. Some entries were disqualified on account of the ultra-glossy finish resulting from applications of the polish.

When a tavern in San Francisco was raided by police for serving liquor after hours, the owner attempted to destroy the evidence by knocking over four glasses on the bar. A patrolman grabbed a towel and squeezed the evidence into a bottle. He then arrested the owner.

Police officials at Ipoh, Malaya, tipped that a nearby cave concealed a cache of Communist arms, rushed to the spot to seize the contraband. They found 16 revolvers and a cannon—all toys.

Emanuel Wilson, a Negro preacher, told a New Orleans judge that the spirit of giving urged him to turn over his automobile to a young friend. Police said the spirit of taking must have got the upper hand. They charged Wilson with automobile theft when he admitted that after giving his car away, "I went out and stole one for myself."

They Say:

Le Canada: Have you ever read texts of laws or of municipal bylaws? It's hopeless. A great English jurist, Lord Macaulay, once said: "Of all writings, the laws should be most concise and lucid. I am convinced that the style of the laws is not less important than their substance. When we make rules applicable to thousands of people we must surely draw them up in such a way that to understand them requires no tiring attention nor an extraordinary quickness of mind." We repeat the demand made last year to our members at Quebec and Ottawa and to our city councillors: please learn this advice by heart and put it into practice.

Massena, N.Y., Observer: Canadians and Americans should be smart enough to work out a monetary plan whereby a Canadian dollar and an American dollar would always be equal — and they should have the same size coins in order to fit into the same juke boxes, vending machines, locked doors on public comfort stations. And then we would be getting someplace.

Taber Times: Some years ago Taber joined the large school unit, now known as Taber School Division; this week the town joined the Health Unit. The Municipal District of Eureka likewise joined the Health Unit some short time ago. Next there is the possibility of the entire area entering the County System.

In all these cases the change is made without the people individually being given a chance to express an opinion in regard to entering any of these setups. This is not in our opinion a democratic way to operate; at least the public should be given a chance to decide by vote whether they want to become a part of any of these plans.

While we hold very definite opinions in regard to the value or otherwise of these plans, it is not particularly in that connection we wish to comment; it is rather that we feel the people are gradually losing their right of decision. When the right to decide the future of the country and their own affairs is taken away, then democracy has been impaired to a very great extent.

New York Times: They called him Tatanka Yatanka, Sitting Bull. A six-foot, deep-chested Indian who walked with a slight limp. He had a prominent nose, calm eyes and a deliberate manner. Today he is back in the news again. The Dakotas virtually are at war on the issue of which state should have the honor of tending to his grave. But in the Seventies, when he was raiding and agitating against the whites, those territories would have been glad to hear the last of him.

It is ironical that the quarrelling is being carried on by such folks as Sitting Bull always despised and mistrusted — lawyers, Congressmen, judges. The Sioux chief never pretended about his hatred of the whites. It was the spark on which he rose to become the most powerful Indian on the plains.

Business

Royal Dutch/Shell Group Colossus of Oil

By W.P. SNEAD

WHILE politicians squabble and statesmen grow weary trying to unite the United Nations, one of the world's greatest oil companies continues to show that international co-operation is a practical proposition.

It started when Dutch and British interests joined to repel the advance of Rockefeller's Standard Oil Trust into the Netherlands East Indies, where both the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company and The Shell Transport and Trading Company of London had oil concessions. Thus the world-wide Royal Dutch/Shell Group came into being in 1907. Now its operations extend from places with such exotic names as Balikpapan in Borneo to Punta Cardon in Venezuela to Jumping Pound in Alberta, and cover most of the free world in between.

Exceeded only in size by the great Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Royal Dutch/Shell Group, under the famous Shell insignia now produces, refines, transports and distributes over 12 per cent of the world's oil supplies.

As the accompanying chart shows, its production in every sector of the world has risen steadily; the total for 1952 was 596,700,000 barrels of crude oil. To maintain reserves, estimated to be in excess of 8.5 billion barrels, the Group completed 1,864 wells in 1952—nearly as many as the 2,150 wells that were drilled in Canada by all the companies put together.

To handle this enormous flow, which earned for the Group a net profit of £125,605,000 sterling, required the services of a tanker fleet of 596 ships, the world's largest, 14,500 miles of pipelines, refineries dotted over the world (five in the United States alone, with another one projected near Seattle to take oil from the nearly completed Trans-Mountain Pipeline in which Shell has a large interest), and more than 250,000 employees.

The group is really a combination of more than 400 companies that are so interwoven that it seems impossible for even the directors to sort them out. Even the annual report, which covers more space than this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, carries a diagram of the main companies to show the shareholders what they own.

At the top of the pyramid stand the two parent holding companies, the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co., of Holland and the Shell Transport and Trading Co., Ltd., of London, which hold 60 per cent and 40 per cent respectively of the three main operating companies, The Batavian Petroleum Co., The Shell Petroleum Co., and The Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co. Batavian, besides Far Eastern operations, controls the Shell Caribbean Co., which in turn holds 65 per cent of Shell of America and 50 per cent of Shell of Canada and the companies operating in South America. Shell of America in turn owns the other 50 per cent of Shell of Canada, Shell Development Corp., and Shell Chemical Co.

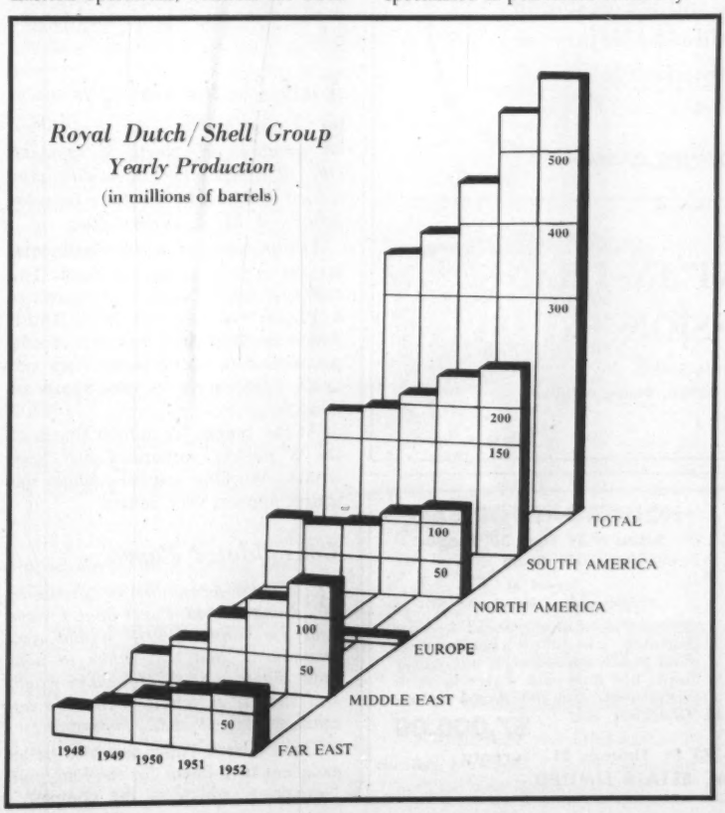
Shell Petroleum is the distributing agent for the Group in Europe, and also controls a number of subsidiary companies. Anglo-Saxon manages the transportation business, including the tanker fleet.

Behind this complex set-up of producing, refining and distributing companies you will also find an unexcelled petroleum research group. In Holland, Britain and the United States, Shell has laboratories and men dedicated to discovering and developing new products and processes.

At Houston, Texas, it has a plant making synthetic glycerin and synthetic rubber chemicals by processes developed in the U.S. In California there are plants making fertilizers and insecticides from processes developed in Holland.

In Montreal, a new plant is supplying petrochemicals to Canadians and in Britain, Holland and France new refineries and factories are turning out plastics, detergents and fuels.

From the early days, when the infant company struggled to provide a lamp oil that didn't smoke and gave to customers lampshades with extra long chimneys to provide more draught, research has always been one of the big interests of the Group. Sir Henry Deterding, president for many years, early saw the value of research, and in 1930 organized a co-operative group of oil companies to take over an American research company known as the Universal Oil Products Co. This company had on its staff a group of brilliant chemists who specialized in petroleum chemistry.



The oil companies, while fiercely competing among themselves for oil reserves and markets, have long co-operated on research and process problems. The flow of ideas between their own staff chemists and the talented staff of Universal brought many rapid changes to the refining of crude oils. The pace of progress from the crude periodic stills of 50 years ago, which operated on batches, to today's fluid catalytic cracking units which crack heavy oils into gasolines, has been swift. Still, petroleum chemists, who have developed a multitude of products, from plastics and detergents to anti-freeze, from gases that were once discarded, claim they have only begun to unlock the secrets of petroleum.

The laboratories of the Royal Dutch/Shell Group have contributed much to this march of progress. The first one worked on the problems of lamp oil back in 1906 at Rotterdam, after having been moved from Delft, where it was first established in 1895. The diesel engine owes much to the Group, who assigned projects to Sir Harry Ricardo's Laboratory in Britain; and later, Group chemists developed standards for diesel fuels that are used throughout the world.

This work also had its effect upon the vessels of the tanker fleet. This fleet, which has been rebuilt after the losses incurred in supplying Britain during World War II, had its beginning with the Shell Transport and Trading Company and pioneered in the development of tank ships. The first deep sea ship powered by a diesel engine was built for the Group in 1910; now the great new 28,000 and 38,000 ton tankers are being powered with gas turbines.

TO THE investment analyst and the investor, the Group is a subject of deep interest. For the first time, a consolidated balance sheet for the Group is shown in the annual report of Royal Dutch. The figures are almost astronomical. Fixed assets, before depreciation, are shown at £1,355,067,871 and working capital at £408,424,911. It is the one major oil company, whose Royal Dutch sub shares, quoted at 28 in New York, sell for less than the estimated book value of $43.

Despite the virtual doubling of the size of the Group since World War II, the markets have ignored this growth. Now, with the expansion programs approaching completion, a more generous dividend policy seems likely.

Payments in 1952 were $1.11½ plus a 2 per cent stock dividend which had a cash value of $.58, making a total of $1.70 or a yield of 6 per cent.

Negotiations for listing the "New York" or sub shares of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co. on the New York Stock Exchange have reportedly been under way for quite some time. Listing would widen the market for these shares considerably.

Despite the shift from shortage to surplus in the world's oil supplies, the earnings of the Group should remain high. To this analyst, after long study, the stock seems as sound an investment as any for the investor who seeks stability, diversification in the form of oil, chemicals, tankers and pipelines, and growth.

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American Yellowknife

WOULD YOU *consider American Yellowknife Mines a good bet for speculation at about 28 cents? What are its propects?—N.D., Montreal.*

At 28, American Yellowknife has nearly doubled from the low of 16½, and the principal motive power behind the rise would appear to be the efforts of the underwriters to market the 200,000 shares purchased at 20 and the 450,000 shares under option on a scale from 25 to 40 cents.

The company, since the suspension of operations on the O'Connor Lake base metal property, has expanded its interests in the western oil fields. It holds a 3% interest in 6 wells in Redwater, a 5% interest in 2 wells in Camrose and one in Armena. One well has been completed in the Virden field of Manitoba. An annual income of about $11,000 is derived from these.

In addition, the company holds an interest in the Brazeau area of Alberta, and 183,000 shares of Radiore Uranium Mines.

At last report, September 1952, a cash position of $260,000 was given, and completion of the present financing will place another $190,000 in the treasury. Considering the costs of leases and drilling, this sum will not allow much more than minority participation in oil ventures.

Thus the propects do not appear too attractive and the present indifference of speculators to the market makes the task of the underwriters appear difficult. The possibility of capital gains seems too limited for the risk.

North Continental Oils

I WOULD *appreciate some information on North Continental Oils, of which I have a holding purchased at 21 cents. What are its prospects?—A. M. S., Verdun, Que.*

The prospects of North Continental do not appear to be too good. The company has a 3.4 per cent interest in a 10,400-acre farm-out from British American Oil, which has one capped gas well on it, in the Hanna area and holds 2,080 acres in other parts of Alberta.

At last report 5.9 million shares of the 8 million authorized had been issued. Working capital, while unstated, appears very limited.

Consolidated Paper

I HAVE *a number of shares of Consolidated Paper that I have held for some years. Would you recommend that I continue to hold these shares as an investment or would you suggest switching them into another stock?—W.A.L., Toronto.*

Consolidated Paper seems to be an excellent investment for the long pull. Newsprint, which is the company's principal product, continues in good demand. The industry's figures for the first six months of this year show that U.S. consumption was 3,076,827 tons, against 2,987,746 tons in the same period last year. Canadian shipments to the U.S. were 2,387,349 tons, against 2,388,565 tons in 1952. Most consumers held 51 days supply.

As newsprint demand is relatively stable and tends to increase in direct proportion to the growth of the population, the long term outlook for this company, which is Canada's second largest producer, seems better than average. Since the end of World War II a total of more than $20 million has been spent on a replacement and modernization program which is now nearing completion. Despite the demands of capital expenditures the company has steadily reduced its funded debt from $35 million to $11,356,000 at the end of 1952.

The 1952 balance sheet shows that the company is in a sound financial condition. Inventories of $45,654,154 are in balance with working capital of $45,981,964, and current assets of $71,070,650 exceed current liabilities of $25,088,686 by nearly three to one.

With funded debt being reduced rapidly by the sinking fund and capital expenditures declining, the present dividend rate of $2.25 seems quite secure. Earnings per share for 1952 were $4.03, and should improve this year with the Canadian dollar reverting to par, despite the recent increase in wages.

Even if a business recession developed, reduced costs should balance the decrease in total revenues. Taxes, which took $13,120,000 of 1952 net earnings of $28,905,981, would likely be reduced and our dollar would probably fall to a discount again to provide a premium on U.S. sales.

Thus from both the short term and long term views, this stock is considered to be an excellent investment.

Anaconda Copper

I AM CONTEMPLATING *buying Anaconda Copper as a long term investment. Do you think that this company would be a good buy here? What are the prospects for dividends over the next few years? — J.T.M., Toronto.*

Anaconda Copper is one of the major copper producing and fabricating companies. It operates copper mines in Chile and in the United States, and through the subsidiaries American Brass Co., Anaconda Wire and Cable Co., and Anaconda American Brass of Canada, produces a wide range of products. The company is completing this year a $300 million expansion program which will bring two new copper mines into production at Yerington, Nevada, and Butte, Montana. This will raise annual production capacity to about 500,000 tons of copper. An aluminium reduction plant of 50,000 tons is under

construction and a uranium processing plant is nearing completion in New Mexico.

The recent price of 33 marked a three-year low for the stock, in a decline that has been under way since the high of 55¾ was reached in December, 1951. The uncertainties of the political situation in Chile, where about 65% of the company's ore is obtained, the easing of copper prices over the past several months, and the depressed prices for lead and zinc, have all contributed to put selling pressure on the stock.

As the stock has not sold under 24 since 1944, and has repeatedly made yearly lows between 24 and 31, it would appear to be entering a buying range now. Since 1944, dividends of from $2.50 to $3.50 per year have been paid and have amounted to $1.50 so far this year.

Assuming $3.00 will be paid this year, the present price of 33 provides a yield of 9.1%, which, while subject to the 15% American withholding tax, is quite a good return. And even if the dividend were reduced to the 1949 rate of $2.50, the return would still be better than average at 7.6%.

From both the market position of the stock and the outlook for the company, it appears that most of the difficulties in sight have been discounted. Limited purchases, aimed at obtaining an average price of about 30, are recommended.

Powell River

K.G.N. I HOLD SHARES *in Powell River Company Limited. Please tell me what you think of it. — J. T. S., Vancouver.*

Powell River is the largest producer of newsprint on the west coast. Through several subsidiaries, it also produces finished lumber and other wood products. While net earnings dropped from $23,289,843 in 1951 to $20,276,460 in 1952, and net profits from $9,680,479 to $7,942,393, they more than covered the dividend of $1.15. The outlook for 1953, with newsprint sales expected to be at capacity rates, appears good and it seems reasonable to expect that the total dividend will be $1.30.

The present price of 23½, where a yield of 5.5% is indicated, has recovered about a third of the decline from 29½ to 20 in expectation of this. A further recovery to about 25 seems possible, and it is suggested that you hold your stock at the present time.

International Utilities

J.S.E. PLEASE GIVE ME *your analysis of International Utilities Corporation. Is there a possibility of an increase in the dividend within the next two years? Will the company benefit by the export of gas or the piping of it to Eastern Canada in view of its present corporate set-up? — R.J.D., Windsor.*

International Utilities is a holding and investment company whose subsidiaries distribute gas and electric power in the Province of Alberta. Canadian Western Natural Gas distributes gas in the Calgary-Lethbridge district. North-western Utilities supplies gas to Edmonton and surrounding communities. Canadian Utilities supplies electric power to the Drumheller, Vermilion and Grande Prairie areas.

As a result of greater supplies of natural gas and expanding markets, both operating revenues and net profits have shown a steady increase from 1947, despite heavy capital expenditures. For 1952, operating revenues were $15,062,965 and net profit $1,984,777, compared to $7,304,137 and $1,143,188 in 1947.

The present common dividend rate of 35 cents per quarter was instituted last December; due to the heavy demands on capital for expansion, as indicated by the issuance of preferred shares last year, it hardly seems due for upward revision. Following the change in the capital structure of the company last year, where shareholders approved the creation of 1 million shares of $25 par preferred stock and an additional 1.3 million shares of common, an issue of rights would be more of a possibility.

The raising of further capital will likely be deferred until the present confused situation regarding the export of natural gas is clarified by Washington, Ottawa and Alberta. International has a 25% interest in a syndicate which organized Western Pipe Lines with the object of piping gas to Winnipeg and to the Minnesota border. The Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board of Alberta has not yet reached a decision on the applications of Western Pipe Lines and Trans-Canada Pipe Lines, which proposes an all-Canadian route.

As current estimates of the cost of the all-Canadian route are $315 million and of the southern route $295 million, it is evident that International, with its 25% share in Western Pipe Lines, would have to seek a large amount of capital if Western's application wins approval. This could be accomplished by the issuance of the common and preferred stock in the treasury, and bonds, without change in the corporate set-up, regardless of whether Western would issue securities to the public or not.

At the present level of 26½, International Utilities appears rather fully priced with a yield of 5.3%. As a long term "growth" investment it appears attractive.

In Brief

W.G.W. WOULD YOU *consider Bata a good switch from Merland Oil?—H. G. W., Calgary.*

Yes.

DO YOU *consider Mill Creek a good speculation at present prices?— E. C. H., Welland, Ont.*

No.

WOULD YOU *consider Spooner Oils a good buy?—W. L., Paris, Ont.*

No—too small a company.

I SHOULD *appreciate your opinion on the prospects of Head of The Lakes Iron.—J. M. S., Toronto.*

Dim.

COULD YOU *tell me anything about Deane-Cadillac Mines?—Miss S. W. N., Montreal.*

Reported as inactive.

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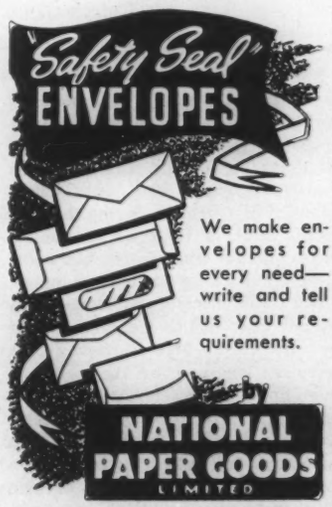

HAMILTON — ONTARIO
Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Great American Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1420 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for Canada.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the American Alliance Insurance Company, New York, has received Certificate No. C 1419 from the Department of Insurance, Ottawa, authorizing the company to transact the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to the classes for which it is already registered.

J. H. Harvey,
Manager for Canada.

Steffens-Colmer Studios

JOHN M. BUCHANAN: Fish from the Fraser.

Who's Who in Business

FOR MORE THAN 700 miles the turbulent Fraser River roars down through British Columbia. At its mouth is Vancouver and the canneries that process the rich catch of the greatest salmon river in the world.

Fittingly, the man who heads British Columbia Packers Limited, one of the biggest of the canning companies, was born at the mouth of the Fraser —in the town of Steveston (population 1,100) 56 years ago. He is John Murdoch Buchanan, a prospector's son who spent his summer vacations working in nearby canneries before graduating from the University of British Columbia with a B.A. degree in 1917.

For two years hefty John Buchanan (5 feet 11 inches, 200 pounds) worked in canneries and then sought a change by getting a job with a chartered accountant specializing in lumber accounts. This new sphere occupied his attention during the next decade until, in 1928, he became internal auditor with British Columbia Fishing & Packing Company Limited, which later became known by its present title, British Columbia Packers. By 1932, Mr. Buchanan was Secretary-Treasurer of the company and three years later, after the company's reorganization, became General Manager. In 1946 he was appointed President.

His executive duties have brought with them the inevitable extra-curricular responsibilities. He is particularly interested in the University of British Columbia, which moved into its present fine buildings eight years after he graduated, and he serves the University as a member of the Senate and the Board of Governors. He is past President of the University's Alumni Association, is a member of the Boy Scouts' Provincial Executive Council and is General Chairman of the Building Committee of a new United Church in the Vancouver suburb of Shaughnessy Heights.

His services are also sought after in his own field, both as a speechmaker on matters affecting the industry and in an executive capacity. He is Chairman of the Fisheries Association of British Columbia and a past President of the Fisheries Council of Canada.

Mr. Buchanan is a patient man who has remained unperturbed through the lean 1930's and the fluctuations of the post-war years.

He unfailingly gives courteous attention to differing suggestions and points of view. "It doesn't matter who you are and what you do," a plant worker once remarked about the company's President, "you can talk to him and he'll talk to you."

Married in 1925, he has a son and a married daughter plus four young grandchildren. He would like to spend a good deal more time with them and with his friends on the lawn bowling greens of the Terminal City Lawn Bowling Club. But his is a business that presents constant problems, and it is these problems that get the first call on his time.

JOHN WILCOCK

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 264

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Tuesday, the first day of September next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of July, 1953.

By order of the Board,
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., July 14, 1953.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "A" shares and a quarterly dividend of 37½ cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending August 31, 1953, payable on the 1st day of September, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 5th day of August, 1953. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By Order of the Board.
R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.
Toronto, July 16th, 1953.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

On July 15th, 1953, a quarterly dividend of Fifty Cents per share in U.S. currency was declared on the no par value shares of this Company, payable Sept. 5th, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business July 31st, 1953.

Montreal *JAMES A. DULLEA*
July 15th, 1953 *Secretary*

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable September 15th to Shareholders of record August 14th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Agnew-Surpass SHOE STORES LIMITED

57th Consecutive Common Dividend

A dividend of ten cents (10c) per share on all issued common shares of the Company has been declared payable September 1 next, to all shareholders of record as at the close of business July 31, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
K. R. GILLELAN,
Vice-Pres. and Sec.-Treas.
Brantford, Ontario, July 10, 1953.

Bonds

A Comparison with Mortgages

BROADLY SPEAKING, bonds and mortgages are the two main instruments that the private individual uses for fixed interest investment. Other channels for surplus funds are, of course, bank deposits and the stock market. Bank deposits are normally considered by an investor as a temporary lodging place for funds awaiting investment, or as a haven for a "nest egg" held against an emergency. The small rate of interest paid on bank deposits is, of course, a deterrent to the investor. The stock market may be considered, speaking very generally, as a means of speculation rather than investment.

For the purpose of this comparison the more permanent types of investment will be discussed. Let us examine the relative merits and demerits of both bonds and mortgages. The bonds referred to will be corporation bonds, not government and municipal bonds, as the latter are secured by taxing power.

The primary consideration in making an investment is the degree of security behind it. Both bonds and mortgages are alike in that both are secured by fixed assets such as buildings, land, and equipment. They differ in that a bond is a part only of a large total, many other individuals having a charge also on the same fixed assets. For example, a recent $12 million bond issue of the B.C. Electric Company Limited is owned by hundreds of private investors as well as by insurance companies, trust companies, etc. A mortgage is normally held by a single investor on one individual property.

Certain points affecting the security of the investment are apparent. In the case of the bond, an investment dealer has examined very thoroughly the assets of the company concerned before underwriting the issue. Members of both the legal and engineering profession are normally retained to help in the examination. The cost of such services is very small in comparison with the value of the services rendered. Such advice, if obtained to examine a single piece of real estate, would be out of all proportion to the amount to be invested. This applies also in the case of a foreclosure. Fees and other attendant charges would eat deeply into the principal unless they were shared, as in the case of bonds, with all the other bondholders.

It would thus appear that in general an investor is more likely to obtain better security for his investment in bonds than in mortgages.

The secondary consideration in comparing bonds and mortgages is the security of interest. If money is loaned for a period of years, interest is expected for its use. It is vital to the investor that he is sure of getting interest, and getting it at regular intervals. Bonds and mortgages are alike in that the property is normally foreclosed if interest is not paid. In the case of mortgages, however, there have been periods when government moratoriums have forbidden foreclosure for non-payment. It is true, too, that in the case of mortgages the human element between individuals often brings about the waiving of interest payments. Bondholders would normally take such action only if it were good business not to foreclose on the corporation concerned.

Bond interest payment is a routine matter of business. This item is set up on the books of the company and is provided for as a matter of course from month to month. The bondholder receives the payment on the date stipulated either by cheque or by clipping a coupon and cashing it.

In the case of a mortgage, the regularity of payment is dependent generally on one individual who is subject to such vicissitudes as ill health, forgetfulness, and death. Some temporary financial embarrassment might also delay the payment.

In brief, it would seem that the bondholder has much more likelihood of getting his interest regularly and with less trouble than has the mortgage holder.

ANOTHER point of comparison to be considered between bonds and mortgages is the rate of interest on the investment. This comparison favors the mortgage. Current rates on bonds vary at the present time between 4½% and 5½%, while the mortgages vary between 5½% and 7%. The higher rates on mortgages are in a measure a compensatory factor for the disadvantages.

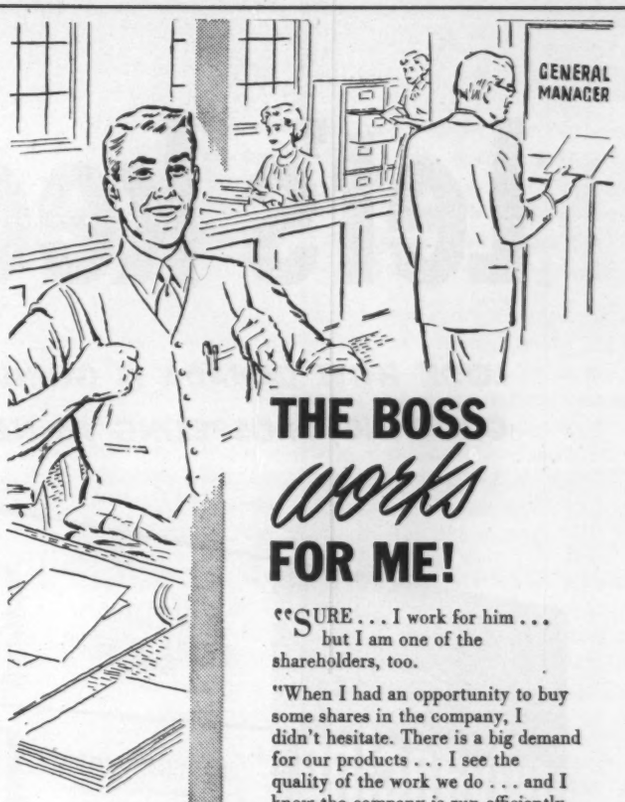
A further comparison, and one of the greatest importance to the investor, is seen in how ready a market there is for the investment. Generally speaking, mortgages are unmarketable except by chance because they are not actually negotiable merchandise. There is a demand for mortgages, but little competitive demand for the individual mortgage. Legal fees are also involved in a change of ownership.

Bonds, on the other hand, normally can be marketed readily through investment dealers. For most bond issues there is a continuing demand by insurance companies, trust companies, and other individuals. A "bearer" bond can normally be sold on very short notice.

Another advantage of bonds is their ready acceptance as collateral for a loan. A bond will probably be better known than the single property represented by a mortgage. Although loans can be made on mortgages, often title searches and other formalities may be required.

In summing up our comparison of bonds versus mortgages, it is evident that in general an investor is in a better position owning bonds than real estate mortgages.

J. ROSS OBORNE



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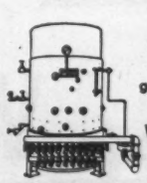

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1949		1953
5,071,000 PEOPLE WORKING (March 5th)	Jobs up 5%	5,321,000 PEOPLE WORKING (April 18th)
NATIONAL OUTPUT (Gross National Product) $16.4 BILLION	Goods up 46%	NATIONAL OUTPUT $24 BILLION (Est)
NATIONAL INCOME $13.2 BILLION	Buying Power up 44%	NATIONAL INCOME $19 BILLION (Est)
EXPORT SALES $2.7 BILLION	Trade up 52%	EXPORT SALES $4.1 BILLION
Investment in New plants & equipment $3.5 BILLION	Growth up 54%	Investment in New plants & equipment $5.4 BILLION

195-?

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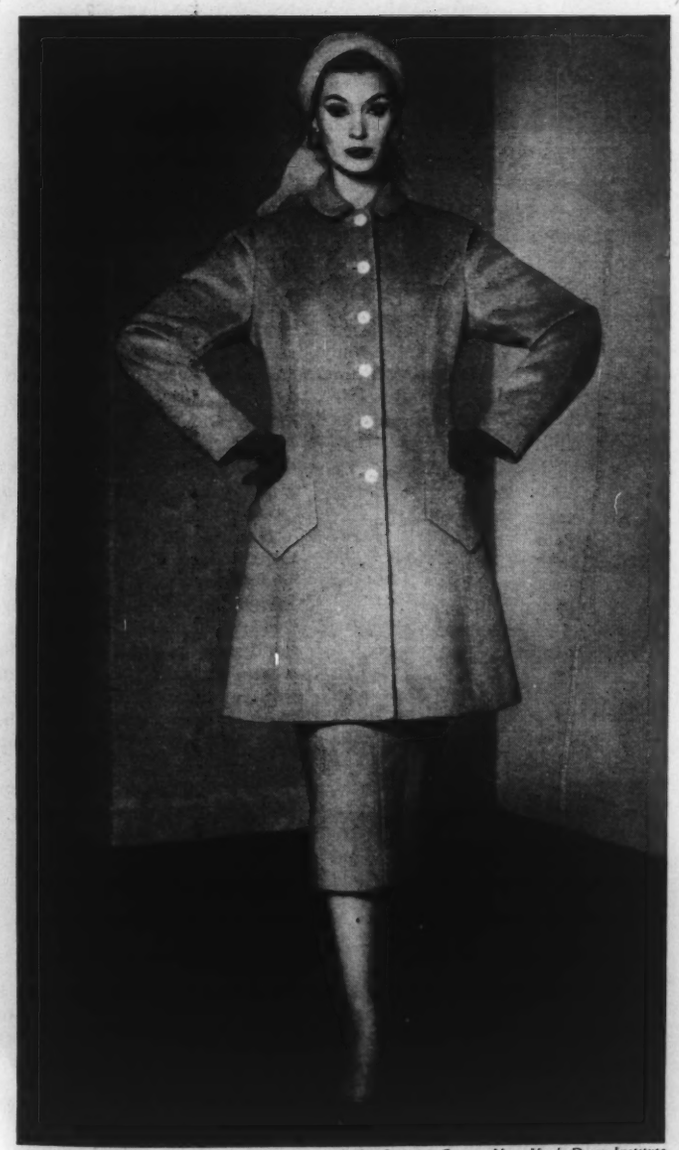

Courtesy of the Couture Group, New York Dress Institute

***NEW YORK:** the new short coat, with semi-fitted princesse lines, from the Originala collection for Fall and Winter.*

Conversation Pieces:

TORONTO AND MONTREAL fashion editors were well represented at the showings of Fall and Winter Fashions in New York. They viewed the collections of the couturiers from 8 a.m. until late evening, and then had to contend with the firecrackers, bagpipes, miniature trains and screaming fire engines that visiting Shriners brought along as midnight-to-dawn entertainment.

Fashion highlights for Fall and Winter: the "fine figure of a woman" silhouette is back, with the very high bosom and long rounded body lines; in dresses and suits, emphasis is on the slim front with back fullness in skirt, bodice or both; suits feature the open neckline, to allow for jewellery or bow-tied scarf; fur touches are on everything, including a small mink collar on a camel's hair coat; encrustations of jewels are used where fur isn't—even sportswear shows this trend. Black is the top color, often combined with taupe.

Accessory facts: hats still continue to be either very small or huge; the hit of the Laddie Northridge collection was a large hat of "twilight" blue-dyed fox, with matching satin scarf and fox tassels, like pompons; pointed toes are back in fashion for shoes, with Palter de Liso showing this style in metallic evening slippers.

Capsule fashion news: deep armholes; few belts, even in sportswear; low back line; color-filled neckline; shoulder straps on evening dresses; leather as part of suits and dresses; neat or very big coat collars or none at all.

Highlights from the collections: from Paul Parnes, jewelled buttons on daytime suits; from Claire McCardell, a jersey blouse that drapes in a cowl neckline, pulls over the head like a helmet or stretches off the shoulder; from Brigance, tapered pants, in materials ranging from flannel to silk brocade; from Bonnie Cashin, a polished black capeskin skirt and stole, worn with a lime green sweater; from Sondheim, a ruby velvet evening coat with black fox cuffs, over a mauve-pink satin sheath "paved" with rhinestones and crystals; from Tina Leser, big soft neckline bows that can open back into flaring revers; from Hattie Carnegie, fur boleros to wear with dresses; from Pauline Trigère, a forest green theatre suit, with mink necklace.

Christian Dior gave individual names to his collection. Dresses were called such odd names as Intrigue, Passe Partout, Bon Appétit, Cannes, Sans Faute, Town Hall.

The most original showing was Delman's; they dressed up their "Thoroughbred Look" for shoes with a miniature raised race track around which the models walked—in Delman shoes, of course—and for authentic background, Delman produced two live race horses, via the hotel freight elevator.

Two men were registered at Press Fashion week. One was Jean Mercier, of Montreal, publisher of the bilingual weekly, *La Voix Populaire*. It was his first time there, and, we gathered, his last. Too much fashion chatter.

It's a small world: on Fifth avenue we ran across Lorne Greene (Toronto radio and TV actor), down to read a part for a Fall Broadway show; at lunch at our Algonquin Hotel, Henry Kaplan (Toronto TV director) was at a nearby table, on his way home after directing Betty Furness in a U.S. Straw Hat theatre. At the "Fashions in Time-53" of the Watchmakers of Switzerland, at the Stork Club, one of the models turned out to be Margaret Smith Duval, formerly of Guelph and Winnipeg.

In the *Can-Can* audience: Marlene Dietrich, in an avocado-grey satin, long sleeved cocktail suit. We wondered if she was about to write her autobiography—her escort was the publisher, Condé Nast.

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We have collected a few favorite recipes from wives of yachtsmen and from a Yacht Club chef—food to satisfy not only those who go sailing but all who enjoy life outdoors.

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From Mrs. L. A. Watters, Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Dorval, Que., comes the recipe for "a family standby which, for lack of another name, we call 'The Thing'. It can be made in any quantity, at any time of day and kept for ages."

Ingredients:

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2 tins bouillon soup

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Mix the minced roundsteak with enough soda crackers to hold it together. Mix in ½ garlic bud. Make tiny tight meatballs and boil for 3 hours.

Sauce: Cook the tin of tomatoes, with a pork chop added, to give extra flavor. Sauté the sliced onions and add them to the tomatoes; and then add the chopped red and green peppers. Serves eight.

Sandwiches

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RVYC Clam Chowder

From Monty, chef of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, comes a clam chowder specialty. Ingredients: clams, onions, potatoes, celery, green peppers, green leeks, pimento, ham, hard cheese and okra.

First, make a strong chicken stock in which a ham hock has been cooked. Dice the vegetables (keeping the potatoes separate) before starting, and mince the clams, putting them back in their own juice.

Put clarified butter in a saucepan add necessary flour and mix together Add most of the *hot* stock, stirrin until smooth, and then strain. Put th vegetables in another pan, with t rest of the stock. Bring to a b quickly, skim the froth from the to and then add to the thick soup. L it simmer slowly.

When almost ready, add the mince clams and their juice; and drop in th diced potatoes, which will be cook in a few minutes. Lastly, add fre chopped parsley, a little grated che and then the okra. Serve hot.

Tournedos RVYC Style

Another favorite dish at the Ro Vancouver Yacht Club is Mon 1½" thick tenderloin or filet n nonette. Seasoned with salt, a l pepper, a touch of marjoram an little basil, it is grilled quickly, browned on both sides. Then it cooked on a slow fire, so all the jui and condiments are sealed. It served with a good sauce chasse made with a brown sauce base which sliced mushrooms and tom are added.

MARGARET Ni

Gerald Campbell, of Ashley and Crippen

ON BOARD the Engholm's yawl, Ivanhoe, *at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto: Mrs. Ray Engholm (left) and Mrs. Harry Barker. The Engholms bought the 20-year-old boat this year, and re-christened it the* Ivanhoe, *after the* Last of the Windjammers *by Basil Lubbock. Out of ten starts last year, the boat won six races.*

The Backward Glance

Five Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for July 31, 1948, has a contemrary appearance at first glance, t a reading of it shows that the rth has travelled many millions of les in the past five years, astronomlly, historically and politically.

The lead editorial on The Front ge discussed the exit of Mr. John icken as Conservative Party leader, d blamed his failure to form the vernment of Canada on "six years complete futility in opposition." nn Bracken, the Alf Landon of nadian politics, disappeared from blic view as did his American counpart before him, and he was not n a contender in the Conservative dership race in 1948.

nstead, George Drew was an oddsfavorite to win the nomination, was expected to run unopposed, though he was carrying the top ght of Quebec dislike, and the but apt sobriquet, "Gorgeous rge". SATURDAY NIGHT thought he would pick up several seats in bec, and that he stood a chance rming a government, with the aid Alberta's Social Credit members. then came the Liberal landslide!

n article by Svanhuit Josie gave a prehensive review of the margarine tion, and blamed the denial of food to the people of Canada on National Dairy Council, "a trade ciation representing manufacturprocessors and distributors of milk milk products." An editorial also ssed margarine, and the specious uments brought against its distrition by the fence-straddling stalrts of the CCF. It is laughable to k back on all the dire predictions de about this product four and five rs ago. We have been able to eat rgarine now for over three years, nobody has been poisoned or died alnutrition—not even the dairy ers.

K. Sandwell discussed Frenchdian literature under the title, rary Productivity Has Taken t Stride In French Canada", and son Woodside wrote about the air-lift and its effect on the ans under the heading, "Armed gth, Recent Set-backs May Urge to Strike Now." The London told of the overwhelming reonse of the British people to the National Health Service and the tional Insurance Scheme, both of ich went into operation on July 5, 48. This revolutionary (to some of us) piece of sociological legislation inspired dire prophecies of doom before it was enacted, and the Tories promised its eventual death. The Tories are back in power today, but Britain still has its National Health Service.

The Washington Letter, written by Jay Miller, was headed, "Mr. Truman Is Anxious To Start His Anti-Inflation Program." It contended that Mr. Truman erred seriously in calling a special pre-election session of Congress when a critical international situation demanded close cooperation of both parties.

On the Dear Mr. Editor page, W. R. Hibbard, of Rothesay, NB, wrote about golf. He said, "A sliced ball does go off to the right—if hit by a right-handed player—with alarming suddenness and disastrous effect. The slice is caused by the player drawing the face of the club across the ball when it is hit. This causes a clockwise rotation when the ball is viewed from behind. Thus the left-hand side of the ball is rotating against the pressure of the air caused by the passage of the ball and on that side the pressure is increased; whereas on the right-hand side the rotation is with the air pressure and therefore it is lessened, and naturally the ball curves to the right.

"This agrees with the explanation given by J. L. Orr (S.N., July 10), but I think the illustration afforded by the golf ball helps one better to understand it."

Well, let's hear what the golf ball has to say.

Mary Lowrey Ross reviewed Lawrence Olivier's *Hamlet*, calling it "perhaps the most memorable picture ever screened." Other pictures then playing the first-run houses were *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House, Summer Holiday, Anna Karenina* (the latest version up to that time) and *The Pirate*.

John L. Watson, who wrote a rather highbrow radio column in the SATURDAY NIGHT of five years ago, called, strangely enough, Radio, began his column by saying, "This column subscribes to the unpopular view that the late George Gershwin was a tragically over-rated composer whose precocious talent has been allowed to pass for genius in the interests of Hollywood and the popular-music fraternity in general."

And he goes on to say this about Gershwin. "*An American in Paris* is an entertaining trifle which contains a modicum of charm, a good deal of nonsense and a lot of plain bad writing. The *Concerto in F* is syncopated Rachmaninoff, immensely effective in spots but desperately low in ideas and at least twice as long as it has any right to be." Being a member of the "popular-music fraternity", we always thought Gershwin was good, until we read Mr. Watson.

The plight of the unemployed man over 45 years of age was featured in an article by Seymour Pennycuick. (In the issue under review SATURDAY NIGHT had the following inimitable by-lines: Seymour Pennycuick, Svanhuit Josie and Solomon O'Hara.) Mr. Pennnycuick said that pension plans which precluded the employment of older men were being used by employers as an excuse for discrimination against the man over forty. He claimed that Canada was wasting thousands of mature men who would be a worthy addition to this country's industrial and business economy by a senseless insistence on the young man at the expense of the middle-aged. He made a good point, too, when he said that insurance companies were quite capable of raising their actuarial figures for group pension and insurance plans to include the older man.

The advertisements in SATURDAY NIGHT of five years ago were bigger and more colorful than those of half a century before, but they had the well-washed assembly-line look of the mass produced article, rather than the warm, human ones which featured the pages of this magazine when it was a local Toronto weekly. Dawes' Black Horse Brewery (since absorbed by Dow's) paid homage to the Airline Hostess in one of a series of public service ads titled, "In the Service of the Public". O'Keefe's Brewing Company paid *its* homage to The Tourist Resort Operator, in a series "Moulders of Canada Unlimited". United Distillers Limited used its space for a eulogy of our educational system, called The School, in series labelled, "Canadian Bulwarks of Democracy".

None of them was allowed to mention beer or liquor.

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Sandwiches

Mrs. Engholm also has a quick sandwich specialty for use when "invaded by about twenty people." Take two sandwich loaves and cut off the crusts. Slice each loaf into five sections, lengthwise, and butter lightly. For the four fillings, use tuna, chopped egg, tomatoes and peanut butter. Then slice like ribbon sandwiches.

RVYC Clam Chowder

From Monty, chef of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, comes a clam chowder specialty. Ingredients: clams, onions, potatoes, celery, green peppers, green leeks, pimento, ham, hard cheese and okra.

First, make a strong chicken stock in which a ham hock has been cooked. Dice the vegetables (keeping the potatoes separate) before starting, and mince the clams, putting them back in their own juice.

Put clarified butter in a saucepan add necessary flour and mix together Add most of the *hot* stock, stirrin until smooth, and then strain. Put th vegetables in another pan, with th rest of the stock. Bring to a b quickly, skim the froth from the to and then add to the thick soup. L it simmer slowly.

When almost ready, add the mince clams and their juice; and drop in th diced potatoes, which will be cook in a few minutes. Lastly, add fre chopped parsley, a little grated chee and then the okra. Serve hot.

Tournedos RVYC Style

Another favorite dish at the Ro Vancouver Yacht Club is Mont 1½" thick tenderloin or filet mig nonette. Seasoned with salt, a little pepper, a touch of marjoram and a little basil, it is grilled quickly, and browned on both sides. Then it i cooked on a slow fire, so all the juices and condiments are sealed. It i served with a good sauce chasseur made with a brown sauce base t which sliced mushrooms and toma are added.

MARGARET NE

Saturday Nig

The Backward Glance

Five Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for July 31, 1948, has a contemporary appearance at first glance, but a reading of it shows that the earth has travelled many millions of miles in the past five years, astronomically, historically and politically.

The lead editorial on The Front Page discussed the exit of Mr. John Bracken as Conservative Party leader, and blamed his failure to form the Government of Canada on "six years of complete futility in opposition." John Bracken, the Alf Landon of Canadian politics, disappeared from public view as did his American counterpart before him, and he was not even a contender in the Conservative leadership race in 1948.

Instead, George Drew was an odds-on favorite to win the nomination, and was expected to run unopposed, even though he was carrying the top weight of Quebec dislike, and the rude but apt sobriquet, "Gorgeous George". SATURDAY NIGHT thought that he would pick up several seats in Quebec, and that he stood a chance of forming a government, with the aid of Alberta's Social Credit members. But then came the Liberal landslide!

An article by Svanhuit Josie gave a comprehensive review of the margarine question, and blamed the denial of this food to the people of Canada on the National Dairy Council, "a trade association representing manufacturers, processors and distributors of milk and milk products." An editorial also discussed margarine, and the specious arguments brought against its distribution by the fence-straddling stalwarts of the CCF. It is laughable to look back on all the dire predictions made about this product four and five years ago. We have been able to eat margarine now for over three years, and nobody has been poisoned or died of malnutrition—not even the dairy farmers.

B. K. Sandwell discussed French-Canadian literature under the title, "Literary Productivity Has Taken Great Stride In French Canada", and Willson Woodside wrote about the Berlin air-lift and its effect on the Russians under the heading, "Armed Strength, Recent Set-backs May Urge Stalin to Strike Now." The London Letter told of the overwhelming response of the British people to the new National Health Service and the National Insurance Scheme, both of which went into operation on July 5, 1948. This revolutionary (to some of us) piece of sociological legislation inspired dire prophecies of doom before it was enacted, and the Tories promised its eventual death. The Tories are back in power today, but Britain still has its National Health Service.

The Washington Letter, written by Jay Miller, was headed, "Mr. Truman Is Anxious To Start His Anti-Inflation Program." It contended that Mr. Truman erred seriously in calling a special pre-election session of Congress when a critical international situation demanded close cooperation of both parties.

On the Dear Mr. Editor page, W. R. Hibbard, of Rothesay, NB, wrote about golf. He said, "A sliced ball does go off to the right—if hit by a right-handed player—with alarming suddenness and disastrous effect. The slice is caused by the player drawing the face of the club across the ball when it is hit. This causes a clockwise rotation when the ball is viewed from behind. Thus the left-hand side of the ball is rotating against the pressure of the air caused by the passage of the ball and on that side the pressure is increased; whereas on the right-hand side the rotation is with the air pressure and therefore it is lessened, and naturally the ball curves to the right.

"This agrees with the explanation given by J. L. Orr (S.N., July 10), but I think the illustration afforded by the golf ball helps one better to understand it."

Well, let's hear what the golf ball has to say.

Mary Lowrey Ross reviewed Lawrence Olivier's *Hamlet*, calling it "perhaps the most memorable picture ever screened." Other pictures then playing the first-run houses were *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House, Summer Holiday, Anna Karenina* (the latest version up to that time) and *The Pirate*.

John L. Watson, who wrote a rather highbrow radio column in the SATURDAY NIGHT of five years ago, called, strangely enough, Radio, began his column by saying, "This column subscribes to the unpopular view that the late George Gershwin was a tragically over-rated composer whose precocious talent has been allowed to pass for genius in the interests of Hollywood and the popular-music fraternity in general."

And he goes on to say this about Gershwin. "*An American in Paris* is an entertaining trifle which contains a modicum of charm, a good deal of nonsense and a lot of plain bad writing. The *Concerto in F* is syncopated Rachmaninoff, immensely effective in spots but desperately low in ideas and at least twice as long as it has any right to be." Being a member of the "popular-music fraternity", we always thought Gershwin was good, until we read Mr. Watson.

The plight of the unemployed man over 45 years of age was featured in an article by Seymour Pennycuick. (In the issue under review SATURDAY NIGHT had the following inimitable by-lines: Seymour Pennycuick, Svanhuit Josie and Solomon O'Hara.) Mr. Pennnycuick said that pension plans which precluded the employment of older men were being used by employers as an excuse for discrimination against the man over forty. He claimed that Canada was wasting thousands of mature men who would be a worthy addition to this country's industrial and business economy by a senseless insistence on the young man at the expense of the middle-aged. He made a good point, too, when he said that insurance companies were quite capable of raising their actuarial figures for group pension and insurance plans to include the older man.

The advertisements in SATURDAY NIGHT of five years ago were bigger and more colorful than those of half a century before, but they had the well-washed assembly-line look of the mass produced article, rather than the warm, human ones which featured the pages of this magazine when it was a local Toronto weekly. Dawes' Black Horse Brewery (since absorbed by Dow's) paid homage to the Airline Hostess in one of a series of public service ads titled, "In the Service of the Public". O'Keefe's Brewing Company paid *its* homage to The Tourist Resort Operator, in a series "Moulders of Canada Unlimited". United Distillers Limited used its space for a eulogy of our educational system, called The School, in series labelled, "Canadian Bulwarks of Democracy".

None of them was allowed to mention beer or liquor.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1887

VOL. 68 NO. 43 WHOLE NO. 3143

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Quebec, painted for the Seagram Collection by Lorne Bouchard, A.R.C.

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LORNE BOUCHARD, A.R.C.A. Born in Montreal, Bouchard is noted for his colourful impressions of Quebec. He is represented in collections in North America, South America, England, and India. Elected Associate Member of the Royal Canadian Academy in 1943.

The House of Seagram